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THE WRONG PLAN OF CAMPAIGN.

THE outcry which has been raised against the conduct of the war with Moonlighting and rent-stealing in Ireland is to a great extent justifiable; in some ways it may be said not to have gone far enough. But, as often happens with popular outcries, its immediate occasion is rather foolish. A most unnecessary and unwise fuss has been made over the so-called fiasco of the Irish Executive in the matter of the trial of Mr. SULLIVAN. No doubt it would have been well to be prepared for even such a curious contingency as a magistrate requiring proof of facts which were admitted, which could not, indeed, be said to be in any way in dispute. But if the omission to provide for Mr. O'DONEL's unexpected scruples had stood alone, it would not be a matter of great importance. Unluckily it does not stand alone. It is only a sample—patent to the vulgar eye, and therefore exaggerated by the vulgar judgment—of a general laxity in strategy, of a tendency to do the work negligently, of a sleevelessness and ungirtness which have always characterized the dealings of authority in Ireland, which have certainly not diminished since the present Government came into office, and the remedying of which has been pressed most urgently on those responsible for the Irish Executive by all tolerably intelligent critics from the time that resolute government was resolved upon. It is, of course, easy—it is the usual and manly method in such matters—to throw the whole blame on some one particular pair of shoulders. Lord SALISBURY, according to some, has no business to be unwell and abroad. Mr. BALFOUR, according to others, has no business to be washing out the taste of the Irish members with the North Sea breezes and the leisure of his "arborium," as the leading Irish Gladstonian journal calls it, at Whittinghame. Above all, Lord ASHBORNE, who has long had a curious faculty of infuriating some Gladstonians by his mere existence, has no business to be Lord ASHBORNE. In short, "it is he, it is she, it is it," as Mr. CARLYLE observed of the excuses made for an unpleasantly similar state of things almost exactly a hundred years ago.

The truth appears to lie in exactly the same retort—that it is not any particular person's fault, but the fault of everything and everybody connected with Government. It is the fault first of the incapacity and slackness which have long pervaded the whole Irish Executive, and which, under a well-known malign influence which was at first allowed to work unsuspected, then positively encouraged, and only got rid of long after it was possible and desirable to get rid of it, may have changed in some instances into downright and intentional ill service. Secondly, it is the fault, apparently, of the whole Cabinet in not seeing that when such a war as was declared by the passing of the Crimes Act is entered upon, it must be waged exactly on the plan of an actual war, whether civil or between two neighbouring powers. To take the coat off leisurely, to announce that you are "going to begin," to wait courteously for the gentlemen of the other guard (the "Black Guard" in this case) to fire first, and to give them comfortable law when they have been fired upon and are in disorder, is, if not to court defeat, at any rate to make victory as slow, as uncertain, and as costly as possible. From the very moment when the Crimes Bill was introduced preparation ought to have been begun, and from the moment when its passing was secured preparation ought to have been redoubled and completed for striking, at the earliest chance and with the greatest possible sureness of aim and strength of arm, those systematic, simultaneous,

and stunning blows which only a MARLBOROUGH or a MOLTKE may be able to arrange amid the difficulties of actual war, but which it certainly should require no MARLBOROUGH or MOLTKE to deliver with the advantages at the disposal of a civil Government. The Irish Executive, the Irish civil and military services generally, have not generally been supposed either by friend or foe to be undermanned, underpaid, or starved in any way. The very rage and fury of the disaffected admits the ubiquity and the efficiency (despite its ill management of late years) of the Constabulary both as an intelligence department and a combative force. The system of resident magistrates enables any intelligent governor to carry out in a constitutional and unobjectionable way something like the objects to attain which CROMWELL devised his major-generals. There is ample military force and plenty of volunteers for the difficult emergency service. The Loyalist backing in Ulster, as Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's very successful visit has once more shown, is sturdy and solid. In a few months (and there have been more than a few months since the bringing in of the Crimes Act and the abandonment of shilly-shally were determined on) it ought to have been possible for the much-abused Castle to have put at Mr. BALFOUR's disposal a Plan of Campaign almost certain of success, and so calculated as to supply plenty of reserves in case of failure, such as the arrest of Mr. B if by any means action against Mr. A broke down, and so on. That good work could be done, and was done, has been shown by the partly untoward event at Lisdoonvarna, in reference to which, it is good to note in passing, that even such a party of hypocrisy as the Gladstonian party has outdone itself in its horror of the man CULLINANE's "bad character." Did it think that any one of good character was likely to gain the confidence of Captain Moonlight, or to be an agent of the National League? The ill-managed business at Mitchelstown might have been a very well-managed business, and have either turned out as well as Ennis or better. It would have been possible thoroughly to overhaul the lists of persons serving in judicial capacities, and so if not to prevent (for coroners are elected) perhaps to do something to prevent such a disgraceful exhibition as that which was shown at the Mitchelstown inquest. It would have been easy (and experience had given ample proof of the necessity) to devise a simple code of instructions for magistrates and commanders of troops which would have made the presence at evictions of such firebrands as Father MCFADDEN, of Gweedore, impossible. Machinery—in the mechanical and moral senses both—could have been devised for making the capture of "forts" speedy and sure. In short, the campaign could have been, and ought to have been, planned by the hierarchy of the Irish Executive so that it could have been set in motion with universal and tremendous force by the mere "touching of a button."

We all know that, if anything of this kind was done, its results are most distinctly non-apparent. The plan may be there, but if so it is terribly like the plan elaborated by the "participle passé du verbe trop-choir." Isolated acts of the right kind have been done, but they have been done in no connexion, and with apparently no consciousness of the fact that to deal a blow and wait to see whether the enemy will have the goodness to fall down is not the way to win any belt. Men have been arrested, held to bail, and then allowed to make speeches to the ordinary ear more defiant and more criminal than their original offence. Others, for no discoverable reason, have been left to go free, though they have been guilty of language or of acts quite as bad as those

of their prosecuted fellows. The attack on the League has been, to a great extent, in the nature of a flourish, and in one instance at least made so heedlessly that it has led the attacking party into an ambush. The transference of the Under-Secretaryship at such a moment is, of course, a great misfortune, and the fact that the SECRETARY himself has in the nature of things his most troublesome and exhausting Parliamentary work to do just at the end of the Session is unfortunate also. But, as we have endeavoured to show, if the last six months or so had been spent in elaborating a thoroughly good Plan of Campaign, and in getting the forces at the command of the Executive, from the highest to the lowest, in thorough order for mobilization directly Parliament rose, neither of these things could have mattered much. As far as appearances go, the observer is driven to but one of two conclusions—either that there was no plan, and that things have been worked wholly at random, or that there was a wrong plan. Mr. BALFOUR and Sir WEST RIDGEWAY will, it is believed, in a few days be both at their posts, and working vigorously. It rests with them to make a good ending of a bad beginning.

STIRRING THE CAULDRON IN WALES.

THE seeds of agitation sown by Mr. GLADSTONE in Wales are growing apace into noxious weeds. His early suggestions of Home Rule for the Principality were so novel and strange that they were rejected by the local demagogues; but it afterwards became clear that the policy of disruption was in Wales, as in Ireland, the first condition of disaffection and disorder. Unless Wales were assumed to possess a separate political unity, no plausible excuse could be found for special legislation against the Church in four dioceses where it is not at present supported by a numerical majority. Mr. GLADSTONE's followers have now discovered that his instinct of mischief was more acute than their own. The clamour against the Established Church in Wales, the tithe riots, and the preparations for a conspiracy against the landlords are all primarily due to Mr. GLADSTONE's baleful influence. He has probably not found time to study the history of the union between England and Wales, which was completed four hundred years ago; but, if he thinks it expedient to find reasons for preconceived conclusions, he may probably find that the proceedings of the Lords Marchers and of other representatives of English power were not uniformly unobjectionable. When he visited Glamorganshire a few months ago he called the attention of unconscious Welshmen to the grievances which their ancestors may have suffered from the existence of numerous border castles—now in ruins. That the civilization of Wales has been effected exclusively by its complete annexation to the rest of the kingdom is an undoubted fact. Mr. MORLEY, at Templecombe, demanded the establishment in Ireland of the same laws which exist in England. Wales has long enjoyed the benefit of identical institutions; and the agitators themselves, with Mr. GLADSTONE at their head, have not yet alleged that Home Rule could serve any purpose of their own, except that it would facilitate the destruction of the Church. The Welsh Sunday Closing Act, which was passed as a precedent for separate provincial legislation, ought, if its principle is sound, to be extended to the rest of the kingdom; or, on the contrary assumption, to be repealed.

The late meeting at Aberystwith was professedly called for the purpose of establishing a Welsh Liberal Federation, which will be a branch of the central Caucus administered by Mr. SCHNADHORST. The organization in Wales, while its efforts are subordinate to the general revolutionary movement, will also promote its own special objects. The Dissenting ministers who will have the principal conduct of its affairs will, of course, use all their resources for the destruction of the Church. Incidentally the Federation will promote attacks on tithes and rent, some of the speakers at the meeting not concealing their hope of extending to Wales the agrarian legislation which has ruined the landowners of Ireland. The strangest circumstance of the Aberystwith gathering was that Lord SPENCER was the principal speaker. It could scarcely have been expected that an English magnate, lately Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, should suddenly display an interest in the partial disestablishment of the Church in a remote part of the kingdom. On one point Lord SPENCER had not properly learned his lesson. He reminded the Welsh farmer that, even if the Church were disendowed, the tithe-rent would not belong to the occupiers

or the landlords, but to some public authority. The rioters at Mochdre had certainly no intention of being satisfied with a mere change of creditors. Their purpose was to appropriate to themselves a revenue which had already been deducted from their rents. They may perhaps have made allowance for the unseasonable candour of a stranger who has not yet accustomed himself to a general policy of spoliation. Lord SPENCER was entitled to some allowance on the ground of his officious promotion of disorder in a part of the country with which he is wholly unconnected. It might have been expected that a great landed proprietor would have sympathized with Welsh members of his own class who are unanimously opposed to the sectarian and communistic agitation; but since he changed his opinion on Irish policy Lord SPENCER seems to have substituted for other principles of action a blind attachment to any doctrines which may be promulgated by Mr. GLADSTONE.

From the beginning of the proceedings to the end neither Lord SPENCER nor any local speaker affected to show that any economical or political advantage to any class or any person would result from the disendowment of four dioceses of the English Church. It was stated with wearisome iteration that the majority of the Welsh people were hostile to the Establishment, and it may be admitted that the assertion is not altogether false, if the community of which the votes are counted is arbitrarily selected. Even in Wales the members of the Church outnumber any single sect, and it appeared from the results of a local inquiry instituted by a bitter enemy of the Church that in a part of North Wales which he selected for the purpose of enumeration, the Establishment in that district included about two-fifths of the whole population. Zealous friends of the Church perhaps exaggerate the rapidity with which its numbers and its influence are extending; but it can scarcely be disputed that it gains steadily on the Dissenting communities. The social jealousy of Nonconformist ministers is the sole cause of the agitation which has through alliance with party politicians now attained formidable dimensions. It is impossible to allege any other drawback to the unmixed good which the Church effects in the Principality as in the rest of England. The Dissenting laity would scarcely be stirred into co-operation with the active assailants of the Church but for an unfounded expectation that an ecclesiastical revolution would relieve them of the payment of tithes. Their relations with the clergy and with their neighbours who belong to the Established Church are in other respects friendly. The agitation which has been promoted for his own purposes by Mr. GLADSTONE, if it is not artificial, is assuredly recent. Lord SPENCER and Lord DERBY act unwisely in recognizing the right of a temporary and local majority to detach itself for legislative purposes from the rest of the kingdom. It is extremely probable that the Church, even in Wales, if it is allowed a respite of a few years, will be as popular and as powerful as in other rural districts.

The agitators make no secret of their designs against all the property which now belongs to the Church. They frequently protest against a renewal of the comparatively equitable terms on which Irish Disestablishment was conceded. Not only in Wales, but in all parts of England, the Liberation party proposes to inflict scandalous injustice on the benefactors of the Church and on the recipients of their bounty. If they select the Welsh dioceses at the moment for exceptional attack, they well know that provincial disestablishment would be necessarily and perhaps immediately followed by a general measure of the same kind. No threat is uttered against the security of the large endowments which have been, with creditable liberality, conferred on the Nonconformist sects by their members. In recent times much larger endowments have been bestowed on the National Church in augmentation of its ancient possessions. It is estimated that eighty or a hundred millions have been expended in church-building, in additional endowments, and on parsonage houses within living memory. The present generation of Welsh Churchmen has been not less liberal in proportion. Whatever may be done with the tithes and the ancient glebes, the results of recent benevolence are as fully entitled to immunity as the lawful possessions of the Dissenting bodies; yet the sectarian agitators lose no opportunity of announcing that the confiscation of Church property is to be indiscriminate. If they should unfortunately command a majority in Parliament, they will probably claim for the State the possession of the churches and other ecclesiastical buildings which have been erected or restored by modern benefactors.

One of the deadliest enemies of the Church professes his readiness to leave its representatives in possession of all the property which has been contributed to Church purposes within a considerable number of years; but he significantly adds that, when the sites are ancient ecclesiastical possessions, the buildings which may have been placed there must go with the land. As the exception would cover almost every case which would arise, it is evident that the Nonconformist ministers intend, if they have the power, to perpetrate wholesale spoliation.

A writer who is familiar with the Welsh language, and who professes to be well acquainted with the people of North Wales, is publishing in the *Times* a series of valuable articles on the social and political condition of that part of the country. No remedy can be devised for the inconvenience on which he lays considerable stress. The cheap press in England, though it is by no means an unmixed blessing, admits of correction and contradiction. The Welsh newspapers have the exclusive power of instructing or misguiding the most credulous among the inhabitants of Great Britain. The extreme ignorance of the Welsh-speaking population places it at the mercy of irresponsible journalists, who know that, with few exceptions, their statements and arguments will be exempt from criticism. In some Welsh journals open disloyalty and agrarian communism are taught to readers who have access to no other source of information. Congenial politicians were consequently encouraged to invite DAVITT to expound his well known doctrines to a community which was already prepared for their reception; but, according to the writer in the *Times*, the mission of the Irish demagogue resulted in failure. The Welsh appear to be slow in accepting the guidance of strangers; though their leaders may be flattered by a condescending visit from Lord SPENCER, and although they are devoted to Mr. GLADSTONE. DAVITT perhaps expressed his meaning too plainly, and he may have referred to authorities which are not respected in Wales. There was, perhaps, no demand for foreign doctrine. The Welsh members are sufficiently docile and pliable to satisfy the reasonable wants of political fanatics. Several of them were opposed to Disestablishment, and nearly all to Home Rule, until it became clear that they must sacrifice either their independent judgment or their seats in Parliament. The new Liberal Federation will provide them with additional facilities for mischief. It may be hoped that no English Conservative will commit the folly of voting for the Disestablishment of the Church in Wales.

A CREDIT TO HIS COUNTRY.

IT has for a long time been the tradition of the *Times* to give the fullest facilities for making an exhibition of himself to anybody who wants that distinction. Such habits, even if good in themselves, may be carried to excess, and it would certainly take a good deal of arguing to prove that the hospitality accorded on Tuesday last to "WILLIAM H. MUNDY" was not an almost cynical piece of cruelty. Mr. WILLIAM H. MUNDY describes himself as "an American lawyer, who has been travelling through Ireland to see what there was of the Irish question." This curious locution suggests that WILLIAM H. MUNDY is neither more nor less than a Transatlantic Amyndarer, and what he says he saw that there was of the Irish question tends to confirm the hypothesis. His ingenuous observations are devoted, with somewhat confusing alternation, to the proceedings against Mr. W. O'BRIEN at Mitchelstown, at which he says he was present, and against the LORD MAYOR at Dublin, at which he was not present. The latter, however, interest him more, because, as he proudly boasts, "it was I who suggested to a barrister in Dublin the defect in the law pointed out to the magistrate." Very possibly it may have been. The so-called defects in the law which Mr. HEALY pointed out to the magistrate were probably suggested by plenty of people to plenty of barristers in Dublin. They were not insisted upon with any particular skill; they were such as would occur to the mind of any country attorney defending a prosecution to which there was no defence, and the magistrate ruled against Mr. HEALY on every one of them. The point on which Mr. O'DONEL decided in the LORD MAYOR'S favour was never suggested by anybody except Mr. O'DONEL, though Mr. HEALY was quick enough to appropriate it to himself as soon as the magistrate suggested it. Any one reading Mr. WILLIAM H.

MUNDY'S letter without a clear recollection of the proceedings would suppose that the decision was entirely due to Mr. WILLIAM H. MUNDY'S acumen. That gentleman, however, makes it clear by his way of arguing the question raised that this could hardly have been so. He thinks the Crown were bound to "prove affirmatively that the meeting was a National League meeting." Now, "as I said to the barrister, *non constat* that it was a Sunday-school meeting." In this sentiment the barrister, if he was worthy of his cloth, must have agreed, unless, indeed, the fact is, and he was aware, that American lawyers employ the Latin words *non constat* with some meaning contrary to that usual with English barristers and with Latin scholars. If Mr. WILLIAM H. MUNDY had said to the barrister "*constat* that it was not a Sunday-school meeting," he would not have been much more accurate in his use of language, but the proposition he would have intended to convey would, at any rate, have been substantially accurate. He is afraid, however, that it may be successfully argued in the superior Court that the defendant's admission "makes out a *prima facie* case for the Crown." It is certain that this will be argued, and many English lawyers expect the argument to be successful. Suppose Mr. O'DONEL had been assisted by a jury, could he have withdrawn the case from them on the ground that there was no evidence? Would he not rather have had to say that the admission was evidence, and that if the jury had no reasonable doubt that the meeting was a National League meeting, they must convict? If he, as judge, had given this direction to himself as jury, could he have said that he had any reasonable doubt? This is an argument to which Mr. WILLIAM H. MUNDY does not see any satisfactory answer, and having set out by suggesting that the conviction of the LORD MAYOR would have been clearly contrary to law and justice, he finally reduces himself to urging, like Mr. MORLEY, that it is "poor policy . . . to prosecute the proprietors of newspapers for publishing such things," which opinion of his he confesses, in a climax of self-humiliation, to be "neither here nor there."

As to Mr. O'BRIEN'S case, Mr. MUNDY has two conclusive reasons why his conviction was wrong, and very remarkable ones they are. The first is, that he was "charged in one complaint with two offences." But "when there are two counts in an indictment, the prosecution must elect upon which count it will go to trial." Mr. WILLIAM H. MUNDY really should not parade as an American lawyer. If he is so ignorant as not to know the difference between an indictment in two counts and an indictment disclosing two offences, he should confine his activity to other branches of the law. As his sentence stands it is simply silly. It involves the proposition that in the ordinary indictment for larceny the Crown is put to election between the count for larceny and the count for receiving. But the observation is irrelevant as well as silly. Mr. O'BRIEN was not indicted at all. There was no indictment and no counts. A summons is a means of procuring the attendance of a prisoner. If it is bad he need not come. If he does come, the charge against him can be heard. The summons against Mr. O'BRIEN was perfectly good; but even if it had been irregular, Mr. WILLIAM H. MUNDY'S ignorance about indictments would have been entirely beside the point. His next fatal objection is that one witness read from a note made the morning after the occurrence, and would not swear to the precise words in which some part of Mr. O'BRIEN'S seditious advice was given. Therefore "when I return to America, where the sympathy is strong for Ireland, I shall be compelled [alas!] to tell our [my!] people, if Mr. O'BRIEN'S conviction is sustained on appeal, that the trial of Mr. O'BRIEN was a farce," and so on. Very likely "our people" will take Mr. WILLIAM H. MUNDY'S reluctant message calmly enough. Perhaps they know him. Here he is unknown, and that, and his rather diverting impudence, are the only circumstances that have made it worth while to show him in detail that he is totally ignorant of the rudiments of the law the administration of which gives him so much concern.

SIGNOR CRISPI.

PERHAPS the most important circumstance of Signor CRISPI'S visit to Prince BISMARCK is the studious publicity which has been given to a proceeding in itself remarkable. There is no attempt to conceal the fact that the alliance between Germany and Italy has been ratified

and extended. It is plausibly conjectured that the immediate occasion of the interview was the refusal or omission of the CZAR to visit the aged German EMPEROR at Stettin. It is possible that unfriendly or discourteous language may have accompanied the rejection of a courteous overture. In any case Prince BISMARCK has thought it expedient to publish his suspicions of the only two European Powers which can entertain any purpose of disturbing the peace. The subsequent speech which has been attributed to the Grand Duke NICHOLAS was probably unauthorized, but the members of a despotic ruler's family are almost certain to take their cue from the real or supposed intentions of the Sovereign. One or two newspaper Correspondents have hinted that the GRAND DUKE spoke under the influence of temporary excitement; but courtiers and cadets of reigning Houses are more likely, even in festive moments, to exaggerate the feelings which they affect to entertain than to express original opinions of their own. Englishmen are familiar with the analogous sycophancy which is every day addressed to the mob. A would-be flatterer of the CZAR may be placed on the same moral and intellectual level with an English adherent of the National League. The Archduke NICHOLAS probably supposed himself to use phrases which would be approved in the highest quarter when he announced that in the event of a war with Germany he would take his place in the ranks of the French army. Hints to the same effect may possibly have been given under the forms of diplomatic circumlocution. During the last two years Prince BISMARCK has seemed to be bent on conciliating Russia, even at the risk of disturbing his earlier understanding with Austria. During the whole course of the Bulgarian muddle he has intimated his readiness to concur in the ostensible policy of Russia. Although it is said that Bulgarian affairs were mentioned during the interview at Friedrichsruhe, there is no reason to believe that they have caused the existing coldness between Germany and Russia.

The object of the invitation addressed to the Italian Minister, and the purport of the arrangements which ensued, scarcely needed the official or semi-official glosses which have been furnished to the papers in significant abundance. The danger which was to be encountered or averted consisted not in any combination which might be formed among the former provinces of Turkey, but in the possible union in policy of France and Russia. Prince BISMARCK was already assured of the alliance of Austria and Hungary against the most formidable enemy of the dual monarchy. Notwithstanding the enormous numbers of the Russian army, as it appears on paper, the force which could be employed in an aggressive campaign has been proved by experience to be comparatively limited. It is highly probable that, even without the active aid of Germany, Austria alone would prove a match for the Power which narrowly escaped defeat in a single-handed contest with Turkey. It is at least certain that the two central Empires are more than a match for any single assailant. The implacable hostility of France to the possessors of Alsace and Lorraine is far more formidable than the ambitious designs of Russia; and a joint attack from the East and from the West would severely try the strength both of Germany and of Austria. Prince BISMARCK has every motive for preserving the peace, and his object can be best attained by collecting the largest possible defensive force. It is for this reason that he has included Italy in the confederacy with Austria, and that he has proclaimed to the world a policy which is at the same time resolute and prudent. It was not by accident that Signor CRISPI was accompanied to Friedrichsruhe by two or three private secretaries, and that Count HERBERT BISMARCK also was attended by his official assistants. It was thought desirable to announce to all whom it might concern that the agreement which has been concluded is formal and binding. There can be little doubt that in substance, and perhaps in form, the compact amounts to an offensive and defensive alliance between the German Empire and the Italian kingdom. It was remarked that both before and after his interview with Prince BISMARCK Signor CRISPI was received in audience by the KING, who must have conferred full powers on his Minister, and who must afterwards have ratified his acts.

The Italian Minister, though he was not bound to give an exhaustive account of the interview, has probably not found it necessary to make many omissions in his communication to a newspaper Correspondent. He corrected by anticipation a whimsical statement which has been published by the omniscient Correspondent of the *Times* at Paris. According to Mr. DE BLOWITZ, the two statesmen

met, one of them having traversed half the Continent, for the purpose of considering the claims of the POPE to the sovereignty of the city of Rome. Prince BISMARCK at present wishes well to the Holy See; but he would scarcely have thought it worth while to arrange the meeting at Friedrichsruhe for the purpose of affronting the Italian plenipotentiary by interference in a delicate question of Italian policy. The King of ITALY is as little likely to surrender his capital to a rival potentate as the French Assembly to return at the request of any foreign Power to Versailles. Even if the matter were open, Italy would allow no discussion on a purely domestic question. Signor CRISPI took care to assure the curious Correspondent that the occupation of Rome had not been mentioned at the interview, and that he would not himself have been a party to any conversation on the subject. It would have been a maladroitness proceeding to complicate the bargain by asking for a concession in which Germany could have no possible interest. If King HUMBERT were, under the influence of some strange hallucination, to retire from Rome to Florence, the German Government would raise no objection, but it would certainly not deem that it had obtained any advantage for itself. When, at the dictation of NAPOLEON, Florence was for some years the capital of the new kingdom, every Italian patriot felt that the emancipation of his country was incomplete. If Prince BISMARCK has any sentimental interest in Italian affairs, he may probably sympathize with the statesmen who, like himself, have established national unity. He would not have troubled the PRIME MINISTER of Italy to visit his home in Germany for so idle a purpose as the restoration of the POPE. Signor CRISPI, who was formerly a Radical of the school of GARIBALDI, can assuredly have no intention of reopening the question of Papal sovereignty.

It has been said that the Italians regard with jealous apprehension the possible increase of Russian power in the Mediterranean. They have for many years paid great attention to the efficiency of their navy, and they have formed more or less vague projects of extending their own political influence in the Levant and throughout the East. The troublesome little war in which Italy is engaged with Abyssinia is one of the results of an intelligible ambition. The enemy in the Red Sea has been encouraged by a mission to Abyssinia of a body of Russian priests; but the points of contact with Russia are few, and it may be doubted whether the Italians consider themselves to need the security against so distant a Power of a German alliance. The real apprehension of Italy is caused not by Russia, but by France. Some Italians still resent the seizure of Savoy and Nice, and all politicians know that the creation of an Italian kingdom was in a high degree distasteful to France. The only French statesman who has in recent times wished well to Italy was NAPOLEON III., and even in the height of his power he thought it necessary to consult the susceptibilities of his own subjects by holding military possession of Rome. The acquisition of Tunis by the French Republic caused much dissatisfaction in Italy, and there is reason to suppose that, as the disruption of the Turkish Empire proceeds, a conflict may arise between France and Italy for the possession of Tripoli. For these and other reasons Italian policy has for some time past been much occupied with precautions against French aggrandizement. The good will and the public opinion of England are cordially appreciated at Rome, and it is satisfactory to know that the new alliance with Germany has no tendency to disturb the good understanding which exists. In the event of a war with France, Germany would derive additional security from the alliance or even from the neutrality of Italy. The smaller State is still more vitally interested in securing the aid of the German armies.

It is not at present known whether the English Government will be invited, or will be disposed, to take any part in the defensive Confederation. There is no doubt that any party which may be in power will wish above all things for the maintenance of peace, even though a check to Russian ambition in South-Eastern Europe may perhaps stimulate active aggression in remoter regions. It is not a little strange that, while philanthropists are endeavouring to substitute arbitration for war, almost every civilized Power is fully armed, and it is thought a gain if a few more months are interposed between the actual state of preparation and the outbreak of a conflict for which there is no reasonable cause. France, indeed, might have some excuse for an attempt to recover the lost provinces, if only there were a fair prospect of success. The persistent enmity of Russia to Austria, the ill-will of France to Italy, and the

jealousy of England which finds expression in all French political writings, seem to be more wanton; but it is useless to shut the eyes to undoubted facts. Every addition to the strength of the Powers which stand on the defensive is to be welcomed as a security for peace. The most successful of military Powers is at present one of the most pacific in policy. The alliance which has apparently been concluded at Friedrichsruhe throws difficulties in the way of aggression, and postpones the time at which the Russian ARCHDUKE may be required to redeem his remarkable pledge. The ostentatious publication of the results of the interview is quite in Prince BISMARCK'S manner. In the interval between the wars with Austria and with France he made a similar communication of the agreement by which the Southern German States had bound themselves to place their armies under the command of the chief of the Northern Confederation. It is to be hoped that the warning which has now been addressed to France will have a more salutary effect.

THE REVOLVER AGAIN.

THE inquest on the body of Mrs. THOMAS BARNES, who was shot dead by her husband at her own home in the Mile End Road last Saturday, has ended in a verdict of "Death from misadventure." There was never any doubt that the occurrence was accidental, and it is disagreeable to censure the conduct of a man who has brought such a frightful calamity upon himself as the loss of his wife by his own carelessness. But there are other people to be considered besides Mr. BARNES, and the fate of this poor woman, whose existence was so cruelly sacrificed, ought to be turned, if possible, to some practical account. For ourselves, we may be excused for feeling much as JOHN the Baptist would have felt if the wild career of some eminent Pharisee had ended in the early Jewish equivalent for a Bankruptcy Court. Those who preach the gospel of common sense are accustomed to empty benches, and, until Parliament has forbidden every man to buy a glass of beer or order a dozen of claret without a medical certificate that he requires it, we cannot expect that overburdened senators will find time to protect the lives of HER MAJESTY'S subjects. The ancient sage whom DR. ARNOLD effusively described as "dear old TOTLE" discusses in the course of his voluminous writings the interesting question whether one is bound to give a lunatic a sword, if the sword is the legal property of the lunatic. Law and custom have alike decided that, in this free and happy country, deadly weapons which require some skill for their discreet manipulation shall be sold to any one who can pay for them, including professional burglars and drunken blockheads. It is not even necessary, as the evidence taken before the Coroner at Mile End clearly shows, that one should visit the shop of a professional gunmaker. MR. THOMAS JAMES BARNES, who is about as fit to use a revolver as to command the Channel Fleet, was in the "Three Cranes"—presumably, as MR. MICAWBER would say, a house of call for temporary and liquid refreshment—"when a man came in, and "tried to sell two revolvers." It would be satisfactory to know that the police were on the track of that man, prepared to prefer a charge against him under the Unlicensed Arms Act 1887; but alas! the Act is a fiction, and the constable would be told that there was the door, and his name was WALKER. As nobody would buy either of these two revolvers, there was a raffle for them, and one fell to the lot of MR. BARNES. Such is the irony of luck—*fortuna ævo* and the rest of it. Lotteries, however, are illegal, and if the law is to be enforced at all, we can imagine no better instance for its application than a raffle of revolvers in a tavern. That is a *ludus insolens*, in the Horatian and every other sense.

It is difficult to suppose that MR. BARNES had any proper business with a revolver. Those who want firearms for legitimate purposes do not wait until lots are drawn for them in a pot-house. But, having come into possession of the revolver, MR. BARNES proceeded to buy some cartridges, "for target practice." It is not said where MR. BARNES, who lives in that fine, solitary, shooting-ground, the Mile End Road, intended to practise, or what his target was to have been. The son is a mere lad, and if he wanted to become a good shot, which is a very laudable ambition in a young man, he should have joined the Volunteers, and turned his accomplishment to the good of his country. When the cartridges arrived, they were tried with the

revolver to see if they would fit. Two were put in, and only one was taken out. "After trying the barrel," says MR. BARNES, in his evidence, "I withdrew one cartridge; but I do not know what became of the other." The other killed his wife. This father of a family then put the weapon on the sideboard, "thinking to put it away later "on." As soon as he took it up again it went off, and shot Mrs. BARNES through the heart. No one can feel anything but pity for this wretched man in his miserable plight. But the moral of the case is plain, and its importance is equal to its plainness. The bulk of mankind are not fit to be trusted with guns, rifles, pistols, or revolvers. Most of them know it, and would sooner clasp hedgehogs to their bosoms than take revolvers in their hands. Some, unhappily, do not, and they form a dangerous class, against whom legislation is required. The present state of the law is ridiculous. A policeman on night duty, who may at any moment be confronted by a burglar armed to the teeth, is allowed no weapon except a truncheon. A private citizen, who may be nervous, incompetent, intemperate, or idiotic, may buy for a few shillings a weapon which would kill half a dozen people without being re-loaded. If people like MR. BARNES only shot themselves, as the poor clerk did at the Charing Cross Station the other day, the public might bear their loss serenely. It is for the helpless victims like Mrs. BARNES that we plead. Why should their lives be at the mercy of folly and recklessness which they cannot possibly control? The sale of poisons is now placed under restrictions which, if not sufficiently rigid, are at least some safeguard against indiscriminate slaughter. It is possible that fewer people are intentionally shot than deliberately poisoned. But firearms are responsible for many more homicidal accidents than all the preparations of toxicology.

ULSTER AND THE UNION.

NOTHING can be more natural than that MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S visit to Ulster, his reception, and the main incidents of his progress should give considerable uneasiness to those English Separatist observers who are just now so loudly protesting the unimportance of what they are so closely watching. In the first place, MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S progress to Belfast was a great deal too like one of MR. GLADSTONE'S progresses, "only more so," in the sense, that is to say, that the crowds who assembled to greet him at the various halting places on his route pretty obviously contained a very small proportion of those mere idlers who are attracted to MR. GLADSTONE'S railway carriage to hear the champion "flying speaker" fling a few words to them out of the window. MR. CHAMBERLAIN, it has been discovered by one of his Radical critics, "does not possess MR. GLADSTONE'S "power of finding something definite and important to say "on the slightest occasion"; and we are not, of course, prepared to maintain that MR. CHAMBERLAIN would be ready to turn on the tap of adulatory verbiage at each one of half a dozen stations between London and Edinburgh. But wherever he did in fact respond in words to the cheers which welcomed him, he seems to have found something quite definite and important enough to say on the Home Rule question to excite the spleen of his Separatist opponents in this country; and the first speech which he delivered at Belfast on his arrival appears to have given them special cause of offence. It dealt very largely in figures, which your modern Radical of course regards as an unfair usurpation of the privileges of a party whose final appeal on every political question has always been and must necessarily be an appeal to the argument of numbers. In the next place, it turned MR. GLADSTONE'S "arithmetico-meteorological" method with comic felicity against its author. And last, and worst of all, it drove home a question which an English public, amid the senseless outcry about the injustice and oppression of English rule, cannot be too often summoned to consider—the question, namely, why Ulster under this odious tyranny is contented and loyal; and why, with a soil more sterile and natural conditions more disadvantageous than other districts of Ireland, she takes her place for the vigour and success of her commerce as one of the most prosperous parts of the United Kingdom.

As to MR. GLADSTONE and his followers, they, of course, are not likely to be half so much impressed by the contentment of Ulster with Imperial rule as by the determination of Ulstermen not to submit to Separation. The English

Separatists, who have taken the oath to Mr. PARNELL, are not at all apt to be moved by the mere contemplation of the prosperity of the Northern Province; for they have already shown themselves quite frankly ready to destroy that prosperity by handing over Ulster to Parnellite rule. What *will* touch them, if anything does, is the discovery that the people of Ulster have no more intention now than they had a year ago of quietly lying down to have their pockets rifled. Last year, it may be remembered, the Gladstonians were most earnest in their entreaties to them to "take it sitting." It would be so eminently decorous, so delightfully comfortable for all parties—that is, for all other parties—if the victim would only consent meekly to the sacrifice, if this most energetic, intelligent, and flourishing community in Ireland would only signify their willingness to lay their wealth and their liberties at the feet of a little group of Socialistic demagogues subsidized and directed by a still smaller gang of conspirators across the Atlantic. To these urgent appeals the perverse and distrustful Protestants of the North remained obstinately deaf; and their firmly and clearly expressed determination to resist, if necessary, in the last resort by force, the attempt to enslave and ruin them was certainly recognized last year by the Gladstonians as one of the most formidable obstacles to the consummation of their leader's policy. Since then, however, they have fed so greedily upon the blustering nonsense with which they are daily plied by their press in both countries; they have taken up their abode so exclusively within the limits of the fools' paradise into which Mr. GLADSTONE's journalistic claque began some months ago to lead them, that they had quite evidently clean forgotten Ulster and the determination of Ulster when these very important factors in the Irish problem were so sharply recalled to them by the events of the present week. The enthusiastic welcome which Mr. CHAMBERLAIN received in the Ulster Hall on Wednesday night, and which animated him to the delivery of one of his most vigorous and stirring speeches, is a fact which, disagreeable as it is to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's late political associates, they can only explain in one way. It is idle to pretend—though some of them have feebly attempted the pretence—that there is any natural sympathy between Ulster Toryism or the rather stiff and high-and-dry form of Liberalism which may still survive in the province and the politician who is the most typical representative of Radicalism of the Birmingham school. The only conceivable tie between them is that which has been formed out of admiration for Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's political courage and self-abnegation, and of hearty assent to the spirited counsels which he has always addressed to the people of Ulster on the Irish question. The warmth, therefore, of the reception which they have given to their visitor simply measures the strength of their own resolution to stand to their guns; and to find that this resolution is as strong as ever is a discovery quite unpleasant enough to account for all the uneasiness which it has evidently begotten in the Gladstonian mind.

On Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's speech at Coleraine, with its outline of the scheme which he recommends for the settlement of the agrarian question, we comment elsewhere. His Separatist adversaries will probably turn, with much more comfort and hopefulness, to this more easily assailable side of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's opinions. And we make them heartily welcome to any advantages they may derive from attacking him in this quarter. He concluded his own exposition of his proposals by observing that the first conditions of their success were "the settled peace and order of the country, and the continued maintenance of the Union." To ensure these conditions is the real work of the moment, and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's more important work in Ulster therefore is that of marshalling and organizing the forces by which the Union is to be upheld. It would be affectation to ignore the fact that one of the most powerful of these forces is the militant spirit which prevails in Ulster; and which, on the lamentable occasion of its bringing the people into collision with the Constabulary, gave such grave scandal to certain members of the late Administration. Happily they can play the hypocrite on this subject no longer. It is no longer open to the followers of the aged author of that now famous watchword "Remember Mitchelstown" to treat Ulstermen to those admirable sermons which they were wont to read to them on the duty of unquestioning submission to the Executive authority, in whose hands soever it might be vested for the time being, and with whatever distrust they might regard

its depositaries. The defenders of the Irish police at the time of the last Belfast riots have now become their most virulent and unscrupulous assailants, and that violent resistance to the officers of the law which was so much to be reprehended in an Ulster shipwright becomes a positively virtuous act on the part of a Munster peasant. The preachers of legality, in fact, have now openly appealed to force, and it is quite as well that they should understand from the attitude of the people of the Northern Province that, if the question is to be brought to that arbitrament, the breaking of heads will not be all on one side. "I wonder," said Mr. CHAMBERLAIN at Belfast, "whether, if you are not prepared to accept separation from the United Kingdom—I wonder whether Mr. MORLEY, with his keen appreciation of the evils of arbitrary authority—Mr. MORLEY, who shrinks from defending the police when they resist with arms a violent and brutal mob—is coming down here with troops of horse and foot to coerce you." So do we wonder; but that is what would have to happen if Mr. GLADSTONE's Irish policy were to be foisted upon the country, and it is for the English public duly to consider all that that implies.

THE BALTIMORE FISHERIES.

IF the Archbishop of CASHEL is right in asserting that the Irish as a nation "do not know what it is to be ungrateful," the Baroness BURDETT-COUTTS is secure of her reward from the people of Baltimore. She has done them good service which is well deserving of memory. Mainly by her beneficence the town has been supplied with the means of carrying on a fairly productive industry. In common with many other parts of Ireland, Baltimore has long had the means of gaining prosperity at its very doors. It lies within reach of some of the finest fisheries in the world. Scotchmen, Manxmen, Englishmen, even Frenchmen, have known their value for many a day. The very Norwegians came down to the south coast of Ireland and fished. The only people who never attempted to cast a net into those waters anywhere beyond the headlands were the Irish. Until a few years ago the people of the coast looked on while others took the fish and made the profits. This neglect was not due to any ignorance of the value of what is poetically called the harvest of the sea. Irishmen talked freely about the fisheries they ought to be able to work if insurmountable obstacles of some kind did not get in the way. It was not even due to want of the wish to encourage the fishermen on the part of the Government. Money has been specially voted for the purpose; but unfortunately it has gone, as money has a trick of going in Ireland, on harbours which serve no purpose, on public works which never came to anything, and labour which was temporarily profitable to the labourer. Baltimore has been an exception, thanks to Lady BURDETT-COUTTS, who has supplied money on wholesome conditions, and to Father DAVIS, the parish priest, who has supplied supervision. Funds to buy good deep-sea boats have been advanced by the Baroness, through the priest, on condition that it shall be repaid by fair instalments. Boat-builders have been persuaded to take half down, and the rest at intervals. Father DAVIS has been there watching over his flock, and working for honesty and industry. Between the three, the Baroness, the priest, and the builders, the fishermen of Baltimore have been lifted out of the proverbial slough of despond, and have begun to go to sea and work in the proper way in proper boats. It would perhaps be invidious to ask what would happen if Father DAVIS were replaced by a priest of the agitating kind who should preach the new gospel of repudiation. Happily that disaster has not happened as yet, and, as far as the experiment has gone, it has been a success. The boats have not only been profitably used, but have been honestly paid for, and a foundation which ought to prove solid has been laid for future prosperity.

Very much, however, remains to be done. The Baroness BURDETT-COUTTS has had to go to the South of Ireland and look into this great charity. It is not enough to help the men to boats when they do not know how to make them, how to repair them, to make and mend the nets, or to cure the fish when it is taken. In all these respects the Baltimore people are very ignorant. Women have to be brought from Scotland to cure the fish which is meant for export. Unless this can be done the boats must work

exclusively for the local market, which cannot take a great quantity. There is abundant material at hand for a trade in cured fish. Pilchards swarm on the south coast of Ireland, but as yet Irish fishermen have made no attempt to compete with the Cornishmen, who export largely to Italy. They have to throw great part of their takes back into the sea from want of knowledge of what to do with them. An effort to complete the good work begun some years ago is now being made by the establishment of a training school at Baltimore. Partly by the help of charity, and partly by the aid of Government, which has advanced 5,000*l.*, a building has been provided, and teachers have been hired. This school is to take in a number of boys, who will be regularly instructed in their business as fishermen. They will be taught how to mend a boat, how to make nets, and how to use both. A certain amount of general schooling will also be given them, and then they will be set to work in the larger fishing craft. The undertaking certainly deserves encouragement, and must do good in Baltimore. It is an excellent feature in the whole scheme that help has not been given in the form of mere indiscriminate charity. The men who have been assisted to acquire boats have not been asked to give security for repayment, but they have been asked to repay. Probably the influence of Father DAVIS was thought security enough. The system has in any case given the fishermen a training in honesty which has its own value. Whether the ultimate result is to be the establishment of a solid deep-sea-fishing industry at Baltimore will depend on the length of time during which the Baroness and Father DAVIS will be allowed to go on helping and supervising. An enterprise which requires so much aid, and such an apparatus of training schools, boats for practice, and teachers, is ill adapted to compete with Cornwall or the Isle of Man, where the fishermen can stand on their own legs. In the course of a generation or so, however, of intelligent teaching, it would be possible to form a body of properly-taught fishermen on the south coast of Ireland who will be able to hold their own. Let us hope that Father DAVIS will long be there to look after the proper use of Lady BUDDERT-COURT'S money, and that he may find a successor as zealous and as patriotic in the proper sense of the word as himself. Whether the efforts hitherto made bear good fruit in the long run or not, they have been highly honourable as yet, and deserve unqualified recognition.

THE RADICAL AND HIS "PRINCIPLES."

IT is charitable, if not altogether reasonable, to suppose that the Radical faddist of the fanatical order believes himself to be in possession of certain "principles" whereby he is accustomed to govern his conduct. Those who know him a little better than he knows himself (which is not very difficult) can perceive, without any wonderful power of penetration, that what he is pleased to call his principles are merely a more or less varied assortment of unreasoned and, in some cases, mutually conflicting prejudices. Not often, however, has this fact been so neatly and effectively illustrated in the conduct of the Radical faddist himself as it has been in two recent instances. The first of these delightful examples of self-stultification has occurred at Leicester, where the anti-vaccination fanatics, after a long course of contumacious defiance of the law, have lately passed from negative to positive lawlessness in their mode of dealing with the outbreak of small-pox which their own obstinate and ignorant folly has brought upon their town. Their method of combating the epidemic is, it appears, to seize upon those who have come into contact with the sufferers, and subject them, apparently without any reference to their own wishes in the matter, to a form of isolation or quarantine which differs little, if at all, from practical imprisonment. To this detention they are compelled to submit until it becomes certain that they cannot have contracted the disease. It is needless, of course, to say that these proceedings are absolutely illegal, and as gross an infraction of the liberty of the subject as any which ever inspired the eloquence of the late Mr. PETER TAYLOR and his following. But the best of the joke is that the anti-vaccination fanatics have most, if not all, of them got the C. D. Acts on the brain also. The men who so assiduously promote the spread of small-pox by the indulgence of their peculiar craze on the subject are the same men who have done their utmost to thwart, and finally to repeal, the legislation designed to arrest the diffusion and to reduce the virulence of another and scarcely less deadly scourge; and the means which they are now adopting to grapple with the former

disease are precisely those against which they have for years past been so noisily protesting in the case of the latter. To detain and isolate a human centre of infection by strictly legal and statutory process appears to them in the one case to be an enormity of the most shocking kind; to pursue precisely the same course, though without the slightest colour of lawful authority, in the other case, appears to them to be the most natural and proper thing in the world.

The second instance of the ludicrous inconsistency which characterizes Radical fanaticism is to be found in the present position of some of those persons to whom we mainly owe the present absurd outcry about *agents provocateurs*. However disreputable may be the character and record of the informer CULLINAN, the application of this term to him, in respect of his action in the Lisdoonvarna affair, is in itself a preposterous abuse of language; but on the lips of some of his accusers the accusation is certainly one of surpassing impudence. Surely they can hardly expect the public to have so soon forgotten that the crime which they are imputing to CULLINAN is one of which they have themselves furnished the most disgraceful example that has been witnessed in recent times? The Irish informer did no more at the worst than allow a gang of ruffians to execute a criminal project which they had already conceived or concerted without any suggestion or assistance of his. The English kidnapper planned and prepared his own crime, and, according to his own confession—indeed, it was the gist of his defence—did his utmost in the way of soliciting and encouraging other people to act as his accomplices. Mr. CULLINAN is not by any means an estimable personage, but he would certainly be justified in regarding it as singularly hard that he should be made the object of this particular imputation from this particular quarter. Men have no doubt been unjustly stigmatized as *agents provocateurs* before this; but we are not aware of any other instance in which a man has been denounced as an *agent provocateur* by any one to whom that very charge has been brought home by the finding of a jury, and who has actually undergone a term of imprisonment in pursuance of his conviction.

LEGALITY, MORALITY, AND PUBLISHING.

IT is, of course, a well-known fact in the natural history of pew-openers that they have no souls to be saved. Hitherto it has been supposed that no other species shared in this peculiarity. But really, to judge from some recent revelations, it is to be feared that we must add another creature, or rather two other creatures, to the pew-openers, the same characteristic appearing in the American publisher; and in a minor degree, perhaps, in the English representative of that race. It is not so much that they do foolish and wicked things, these pew-openers and their congeners; it is that they do not seem to know when they have done them, and cannot understand when it is pointed out to them. If a pew-opener is called to account, he or she will be found to have the highest principles, and to be very fond of parading them. But to act on these fine principles is a different thing when money is to be made by neglecting them, and in the American species this disregard is carried to the verge of cynicism. The English publisher draws a line at legality; the American cares neither for legality nor morality. Mr. BRANDER MATTHEWS overstates his case when he writes as he does about the English publisher. No doubt a good deal of money has been made over here out of American authors, but most of our publishers would be willing to aver that, if authorship perished everlastingly out of America, it would matter very little to them. For one American book successfully pirated here, half a dozen English books are pirated in America, and, moreover, are pirated by a dozen—a baker's dozen—different publishers. Nor is piracy the only crime they commit. According to Mr. RIDER HAGGARD—a recent sufferer—not only do they republish his books on the other side of the water, but they publish books that are not his, with his name on them as author; books about "parlors," verily, "parlors elegantly attired"—think of the horror of having such things attributed to your pen—and, to crown all, there are no fewer than thirteen pirates at work upon one of his novels. Imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, we have been told, and perhaps Mr. HAGGARD may be able to solace himself in the bibliographical pursuit he mentions, for he is collecting examples of all these different editions, and may by gazing on them reflect

that it is better to be pirated in America than not to be appreciated anywhere. In this respect Mr. HAGGARD is lucky, though he sighs for the time when the American Legislature will protect copyright without materially increasing the price of books, and will protect authors from being accused of writing about attired "parlors." The example of Mr. HAGGARD may well be offered to Mrs. OLIPHANT, who has to complain of similar treatment, and writes detailing the wickedness of American pirates to Thursday's *St. James's Gazette*.

To the publisher, as to the pew-opener, nothing is sacred; but it might have been expected, prior to experience, that if a "holy shade" exists, from a publisher's point of view, it would be that of THACKERAY. Yet, as Mr. CHARLES BROOKFIELD writes to the *Standard* last week, it would seem that there is a bond of union between "sapeurs" and publishers, to judge from the volume of letters to Mrs. BROOKFIELD, lately published. The dates are doubtful; the notes confusing, and not always to be found where they are most wanted; and, what is worse, an absurd and misleading index is added by the publishers. Mr. BROOKFIELD describes Mr. GEORGE SMITH as a "Merchant 'Prince' publisher," but adds, that if he had shown proper consideration, the volume of letters which has been published would have received the corrections and annotations of Mrs. BROOKFIELD, instead of being issued just as it left the pages of *Scribner's Magazine*. That this was not done is greatly to be regretted. THACKERAY's letters would have been more interesting even than they are if they could have been adequately edited by Mrs. BROOKFIELD, to whom every allusion must be familiar. There is no legal cause of complaint; and Mr. CHARLES BROOKFIELD speaks of Mr. SMITH in the most handsome terms. But it is unlucky that Mr. SMITH did not devote more pains to the matter, both in inception and in reply.

THE BATTLE OF THE TREES.

A MYSTERIOUS nursery poem, hitherto uninterpreted, begins:—

Hushaby, baby, upon the tree-top,
When the wind blows the cradle will rock;
When the tree rocks the cradle will fall,
And down will come baby, and cradle, and all!

What was the cradle doing upon the tree-top? This question has puzzled nurses in all ages. A recent discussion in the *Times* proves that the ditty was allegorical and prophetic, not historic. The cradle was the celebrated Cradle of the Aryan Race. The tree was either the beech or the birch, or both, or neither. The calamity "down will come" "baby, and cradle, and all" was the cessation of public excitement as to the place where the Cradle of the Aryan Race was really situated.

As everybody ought to know, the old site of the cradle was somewhere in Central Asia. Mr. BRYCE found bits of possible gopher-wood, remains of the Ark, on Mount Ararat. But nobody has ever found fragments of the Cradle of the Aryans on the Hindoo Koosh. Perhaps this encouraged scepticism. At all events, the idea was mooted that the Aryan race came from America. Unsatisfied with this theory, German learning has been looking for the cradle nearer home. The very newest German thing out is the discovery that the cradle was somewhere near the Baltic or in Scandinavia. Meanwhile Professor SAYCE lectured to the British Association at Manchester on the whole question. He initiated the public into the fresh and engaging theory of Herr PENKA, which assigns to the Aryan a Northern origin. We cannot pretend to have any opinion on a subject so remote and obscure. It is certain that, down to historic times, the North was *officina gentium*; that swarms of big, white brawny people came down from the North, and, for all we know, the Aryans at large may merely have been earlier swarms from the same hive. However, the recent controversy has not been about the general question, but about the birch and the beech. On one or other of these tree-tops the Aryan Cradle is rocking, or has rocked. Professor SAYCE chose the birch at Manchester. The Aryans had come from a land where there was no economical inducement to spare the rod, because birches were plentiful. "When we find" that the birch is known by the same name in both Sanskrit "and Teutonic, we may infer it is a tree with which the" "speakers of the mother-tongue were acquainted, and that" "consequently they must have lived in a cold climate. In

"Europe that would have been westward of a line drawn" "from Königsberg to the Crimea, to the east of which the" "birch-tree does not grow."

Here let us digress to point out the weakness of this kind of argument. The original name for the birch-tree must denote some quality, say "white," or "tough," or what you will. Let us suppose, then, that the first Aryans, possessing a common speech, lived in Central Africa. They had no birches there. One set of them migrated to the Baltic, and, finding a birch, called it "the white tree," or "the tough tree." Another set reached the Himalayas, found the birch, and also called it "the white tree," or "the tough tree." Then both the Teutons and the Sanskrit-speaking people would call the birch by the same name, though there were no birches at all where they originally came from, though the cradle was not on a birch tree-top. Therefore the birch has nothing to do with the question of the site of the cradle.

This is "obvious to the most excruciatingly feeble mind"; but not on this does the controversy turn. Correspondents wrote to the *Times* to say that the birch was common to all the colder regions of Asia and Europe. Professor SAYCE dismissed these facts as not bearing on his argument, as by him understood. Then Professor SIDGWICK wrote to say that what Professor SAYCE maintained about the birch was maintained about the beech by several German authors. More friends of the birch avowed that the birch was much more *répandue* than Professor SAYCE had stated. Professor SAYCE said that when he was among his books again he would reply, and, as to the birch, referred mankind to Herr PENKA. Then Professor SAYCE returned to his library and found that he had been quoting a statement of his own, made twelve years ago, but that he had misquoted himself. It was merely the old case of anchovies and capers. He had meant beech, not birch, all along. And, no doubt, that is the whole mystery. When one has known a fact for a long time, and very intimately, one should invariably verify it. The better one knows it the more it needs verification. Professor SAYCE has not fallen back on the excuse that birch is so like beech that really it does not matter. The ecclesiastical historian who confused St. GREGORY with GREGORY of Pardo maintained that the latter, being an archbishop, was very likely quite a saintly man. Professor SAYCE has been more candid. He might fall back, too, for his birches on a poetical reply:—

They did na grow on earthly bank
Nor yet on earthly shough,
But by the gates o' Paradise
Thae birks grow fair enuch.

Thus the Aryan Cradle would have been in the Earthly Paradise, which is a pretty theory, and an orthodox.

THE BRISTOL CONFERENCE.

THE value of the Liberal-Unionist Conference at Bristol to the Unionist cause does not, and cannot, lie in the fact that it gave some leaders of the party an opportunity of again arguing against the policy of Separation. As far as argument can kill that policy is killed, and nothing Lord SELBORNE or Mr. COURTNEY can say can make it logically more dead than it is. As Lord HARTINGTON insisted in his letter to the Secretary of the Conference, the work on hand is not to discuss schemes of Home Rule—but to consider "the recent action of the Home Rule party, "both in Parliament and in Ireland, in regard to the" "administration and enforcement of the law." The practical course before the Conference was plain enough. It had to "pronounce in the most decided manner its de-termination to co-operate with Unionists, without dis-tinction of party, for the purpose of re-establishing and" "maintaining the supremacy of the law in Ireland." It was easy for Mr. COURTNEY, speaking in support of the resolution that the "so-called concessions made by Mr. GLADSTONE" were unsatisfactory, to demonstrate that they are a delusion. What concession short of absolute surrender can be satisfactory when what one party demands is the entire withdrawal of the other's whole contention? This is the exact position of Unionists and Separatists at this moment. The only concession which the first can accept from the last is that it should renounce and abhor the insane and, in all but the narrow legal sense, treasonable attempt to establish an Irish Parliament at Dublin, filled with the allies of Ford, and supplied with the means to damage this country. When this concession has been made

the Unionist-Liberals will be free to work again alongside of the statesman who robbed them of the fruits of their victory in 1885 by his desertion. The expression is quoted from Mr. PETHICK, President of the Conference, and is worth noting, with others, as evidence of the increasing frankness of the Liberal-Unionist in his comments on our "late revered leader."

This issue being so luminously clear as it is, the Unionist, Liberal or not Liberal, can consider the merits of Home Rule as voted on and done for, and can proceed, as Lord HARTINGTON advises him, to pay attention to the manoeuvres of his enemy, to the action of the Home Rule party in regard to the administration of the law. Lord SELBORNE and Mr. COURTNEY, who spoke again and with equal force at Saltash the next day, both insisted at length on the nature of that action. What the Unionist party has to deal with now is not argument, not even the attempt to persuade, but the open determination to oppose, and, if possible, paralyse, the administration of the law—not only in Ireland, which Lord HARTINGTON mentioned, but in England, which he did not name. The Separatist party is a party of anarchy, or is at least fast becoming so, under the guidance of leaders who will buy office at any price, who are mere free-lances, literary gentlemen with a sentimental admiration for the French Revolution, or literary gentlemen with the training given by certain kinds of journalism. "Never before," so said Mr. COURTNEY, "have we heard of men responsible in the affairs of the Empire letting pass by without any rebuke, nay, unadmonished, attempts to upset entirely the authority of the law, to degrade the judiciary, to paralyze the Executive, and to let riot run unchecked in a great part of Ireland." As Lord SELBORNE reminded his hearers in the evening—and he could not have chosen a more telling illustration in that place—the line taken by the Opposition leaders would commit them to the proposition that the Bristol rioters were not to be interfered with. It is useless for Lord ROSEBERRY or anybody else to answer that their friends at Mitchelstown, and so on, were not engaged in actual rioting. The question is whether any mob is or is not to be entitled to judge of the legality of the action of the police, and to resist if its opinion is unfavourable to the agents of the law. Lord ROSEBERRY and other gentlemen responsible in the affairs of the Empire maintain that it is. But, if the mob is to be judge, why not the mob which is sacking the bakers' shops? The Separatist, not being allowed to govern Ireland, has decided that no government shall any longer be possible in that country, and as little as may be in England. All this may not be done quite openly, but it is done. The things which are not said, as Lord SELBORNE insisted, are as significant as the things which are said. Palliation of the National League's doings and excuses for violence go together with dead silence about Irish crime or the most cautious abstinence from anything likely to discourage English agitators from going over to aggravate Irish disorder. It is this determination to use everything, even riot and murder, as a means of obtaining office which Unionist Conferences have to fight now, and which Unionist orators ought to insist on. Lord HARTINGTON defined the issue clearly; Lord SELBORNE and Mr. COURTNEY have stated it at Bristol and Saltash with sufficient emphasis; and it is to be hoped that Unionists of other parties than the Liberal will not leave them to say it alone.

L'AFFAIRE CAFFAREL.

IT might properly be considered to be some consolation to the astonishingly virtuous French journalists who are making such a noise over the CAFFAREL scandal that, after all, it is no such very new thing in France. Every successive Government since the fall of the Restoration Monarchy has had its own scandal. There was the CUBIÈRES and TESTE business which came to light under LOUIS PHILIPPE, and nobody has forgotten the JECKER bonds, and other shady incidents of the Empire. What has been proved, too, is little in comparison with what has been asserted to have been done quietly. In the present case, indeed, as far as it has gone, this proportion has also been well kept. For all the evidence there is to the contrary, it does not appear that the corruption in the War Office has gone beyond two officers, or has led to anything more serious than a little wire-pulling on behalf of foolish people with money who wished to receive the Cross of the Legion of Honour. To be sure it is not safe to say much

as yet as to the possible limits of the scandal. A new offender seems to be arrested every day, and it may possibly happen that something much more serious than has not been heard of is behind. On the whole, however, the probability is that little more remains to be discovered as regards the substance of the whole disgraceful business. There has always been in France, and more particularly in Paris, a number of persons of dubious character who hang about Government offices, and try to make themselves useful, with the object of earning a little money. If they can get it from the Minister, well and good, if not they will get it from some candidate for the Legion of Honour, or for a contract, by representing themselves as influential at headquarters. The mysterious trade called a "business agency" in France has always flourished, and doubtless always will. There will never be any want of ingenious rascals, of either sex, in Paris to run to and fro between the anterooms of Government offices and silly dupes who believe in promises. Now and then an intriguer of this order does succeed in getting at an impecunious or reckless Government official and inducing him to betray his trust. In most cases nothing is ever known of it, largely because the breach of duty has no serious consequences; but from time to time there is a scandal. This is one of the times of scandal.

If the world is not persuaded that something much more serious has been discovered than a few individual acts of official dishonesty, the fault will not rest with the French themselves. The promptitude which journals of all parties, including the soberest and most respectable members of the French press, have shown in asserting that the misconduct of Generals CAFFAREL and D'ANDLAU is only a small part of the dishonest intriguing which goes on in every department of the Government, is, from whatever point of view it is looked at, most disgraceful to France. If these charges are true, it is shameful that they should not have been brought before by responsible accusers, and in a way which would compel attention. The *Journal des Débats* declares without scruple that Ministries are full of men who come from *le monde où l'on tripote*—and yet this large proposition is not a whit more probable after the explosion of the late scandal than before. It cannot be founded on anything new but the alleged offences of Generals CAFFAREL and D'ANDLAU. To be sure it may be only a vague accusation, made in anger and because this sort of thing is popular. But in that case the disgrace is equally serious for France. There must be a miserable want of dignity, an extraordinary degradation of manners, in a people who not only have no shame in accusing their Government of the basest venality, but bring the charge with an obvious relish. From the whole tone of the Parisian press it is sufficiently clear that the scandal has been welcomed. In spite of a great deal of clamour about the public interest and the honour of France, papers of all shades of politics have done their best to make capital of the scandal. One section of the press makes it an excuse for attacking General BOULANGER; another attacks M. WILSON; a third falls foul of M. ROUVIER. From all quarters come round assertions that this public man or the other is corrupt, and none of them are supported by anything deserving to be called evidence. From the whole bulk of assertion it appears that, however much the parties may differ in details, they are agreed in the belief that the Government of their country is ignobly dishonest. None of them seem to care to reflect on the spectacle which France presents at this moment. A fidgity national vanity, an absurd loquacity in praise of themselves, and with it all a shameless readiness to bandy charges of treason and corruption, make a bad mixture. When the uproar is quieted down, and there begins to be a chance for a serious inquiry, it will probably be discovered that nothing can be proved against anybody, except Generals CAFFAREL and D'ANDLAU, and the various *agents d'affaires* who have duped the weak persons capable of entrusting them with bribes. The Third Republic has been sufficiently ill-bred and has done the work of administration decidedly badly, but before believing that all its public men are corrupt it is well to have some evidence better than rancorous newspaper articles.

THE BULGARIAN ELECTIONS.

THE complete triumph of the Bulgarian Government in the recent elections is universally admitted, and the only question which even Russians and Russophiles raise is whether that triumph was obtained by legitimate or illegitimate means. It is likewise generally admitted that

there was a very large number of abstentions, and the occurrence of disturbances in some places is urged as an argument to prove that the Bulgarians would have voted against the present régime if they had dared. The abstentions will hardly produce much effect on any reasonable person. Unlike other carnal pleasures, the joy of voting is decidedly an acquired taste, and there are few peasants in any part of the Continent who, if left to themselves and having no cause for dissatisfaction with the actual administration, would not prefer staying away (especially if, as seems to have been the fact here, they had the vintage to occupy them), and thus signifying a negative contentment. As for the disturbances and the repression which was necessary, though not in many places, the explanation of all this is unluckily no difficult or strange matter to any Englishman at the present moment. We need not go to Bulgaria to find the deliberate scoundrels or the hot-headed partisans who first egg on an ignorant multitude to disorder, and then upbraid those whose duty it has been to put the disorder down. It is not necessary to have a name ending in -off or in -eff to pursue, or at least avail oneself of, this easy method of making political capital. And, considering that by impartial, if not positively Russophile, testimony there are at present engaged in the service of Russia throughout Bulgaria, and indeed throughout the Balkan Peninsula, some of the greatest ruffians as yet unchanged and not pre-engaged in the service of the Irish National League, it would be still more remarkable if there were no evidence of such tactics at a Bulgarian election. It is only fortunate that so small a comparative measure of success has rewarded them.

It is necessary, however, to be prepared for an even more audacious display of the same policy. The proposals said sometimes to have been merely made by Russia to Turkey in reference to the Lieutenant-Prince scheme, sometimes to have been accepted by the Porte, and sometimes to have been, or to be about to be, formally presented by the two to the rest of the Powers, have always been looked upon with well-founded distrust. It was difficult to believe that Russia would admit any Turkish co-operation which was not a farce, and it was still more difficult to believe that Turkey could lend herself to be, in a way equally undignified and unprofitable, the mere catspaw of Russia. There was also the further difficulty, that of understanding with what face Russia, which has been vociferating "The Treaty! The Treaty"—very much as Mr. GLADSTONE on an historical or legendary occasion shouted "The Speaker! The Speaker!"—could present herself with a project making that treaty mere waste paper. But the constructors of the various *canards* on the subject could at least set their birds flying on the wind of general knowledge that, unless the Czar obtains in some fashion *carte blanche* to do with Bulgaria as he pleases, he will have obtained nothing. And the only possible means of obtaining such *carte blanche* is to make Russian agencies bring about the truth of Russian assertions and plunge Bulgaria in earnest into civil war. The elections offered a fair opportunity for this, and no pains seem to have been spared; but the amount of success is of the smallest. And if the ERNROTH scheme goes on, it will go on in the face of the fact that the Bulgarian people have just had a regular occasion offered to them to show that they desire a change of Government, and that they have most signally declined to take advantage of that occasion. Whatever may be the validity of the argument, Mr. GLADSTONE has at least his five-sixths (or whatever it is) majority of Irish members to point to. His friends, the Russians, must call for lantern and spectacles before they can discover their Bulgarian minority.

It may seem at first sight a little surprising that Continental, even Austrian, journals do not consider the Bulgarian position much strengthened by the elections. A Correspondent of the *Times* attributes this to the fact that the inhabitants of Eastern Europe, at any rate, have lost their faith in Parliamentary institutions. This, of course, would, if true, be very sad; but it is possible to find explanations which do not necessitate the imputation of such utter depravity to a large part of the civilized world. In the first place, it is undeniable that Prince FERDINAND, though his difficult position may entitle him to some allowance, has from the first played his cards with doubtful judgment. In the second, without being cynical, any journalist of intelligence must see that the wishes of the Bulgarian people have never been of more than very slight account with the Powers, and that the account is not likely to be much strengthened by this latest declaration of them. If the will of the Bulgarians had had any weight, Russia would have

been politely informed by the other Treaty Powers long ago that her conduct had exhausted her rights under the Berlin instrument, and that, in default of her suggesting a fit and proper person, the election or the approval would be proceeded with. The reasons why this has not been done are very well known, and they are neither overthrown nor much affected by a fresh vote of the Sobranje or the election of a fresh Sobranje. To keep order and observe the law has long been the only advice that could be tendered to any Bulgarian Government, and it is the only advice that can be tendered still. The more of the "rouble men," as they are not unhappily called in Bulgaria, can be shot the better; for it will not encourage the others, and Russia is never likely to avenge unsuccessful accomplices in her plans.

The more annoyances, however, Russia experiences in Europe (and certainly she is having her share), the more likely she is to try and avenge herself elsewhere. "Some easement the law decreeth us" is likely to be the Russian sentiment, as it was the sentiment of CHAUCER's scholar, and it is not very doubtful where it will be taken. The controversy which has recently been waged on the point whether the Russian account or the English account *per contra* of the exchanges on the Russo-Afghan frontier is correct has been contradicted with some asperity of tone, and with more forgetfulness of the fact (so often urged here) that we are certain to come by the worse in any exchange of the kind till we mean to fight, and that when we mean to fight we shall not need to haggle for some score or hundred versts of pasture. Nor will the readers of the *Saturday Review* have needed to have their attention drawn to the regions of the Upper Oxus as a probable scene of "desire for Russian rule"—or Russian desire for rule, which are usually convertible terms. The recent experiences of M. BONVALOT and his companions in the Pamir (of which Shignan, Roshan, and Wakhan form as it were the western Piedmont) may seem to some sanguine persons sufficiently reassuring as to warlike operations in those regions. But the Russians have a wise way of regarding all territories that come to their net as fish. And it so happens that the technical right to these districts, as between Afghanistan, Bokhara, and independence, is exactly in that confused and unsettled state which has proved so invaluable to Russia in the Turcoman Attock and lower down the Oxus. In the present temper of the English people and of English Governments nothing is more likely than a fresh "try on," and a successful one. For there are artichokes (or at least, speaking with due hesitation about any botanical product of the Cradle of the Aryan Race, we dare say there are) in Central Asia as well as in Europe; and the eating of the leaves of that agreeable plant always generates the desire to pull more, and then to get at the bottom. *Feuilles d'artichaut à la Roshan* may be only a kickshaw; but they lead agreeably up to *fonds d'artichaut à la Calcutta*.

THE BLACK FLAG.

IT may be hoped, though perhaps rather hoped than expected, that the interview between Sir JAMES INGHAM and the deputation which waited on him at Bow Street last Wednesday will put an end to the mischievous custom of "unemployed" men parading through the streets of London. There are, unfortunately, many people out of work in this metropolis through no fault of their own, and the best thing to be done by those who wish to assist them is, as we have said before, to support the Charity Organization Society. But there is no reason to believe that the men who went to Bow Street, and afterwards denounced the "callousness" of the chief magistrate, or those who previously visited the Local Government Board and raised a faint cheer for an assistant-secretary, are among the number. One of them told Sir JAMES INGHAM that he was a painter and paper-hanger, that he could not follow that trade in the winter, and that he could not follow any other at all. As Sir JAMES put it, he seemed to expect that painting should go on all the year round for his convenience. It is obvious that, if you deliberately select a business which can only be conducted for six or eight months out of the twelve, obstinately confine yourself to that, and never save anything, you must necessarily come to grief. But wilful improvidence of this sort scarcely constitutes a claim upon the benevolence of the public. All the men told Sir JAMES INGHAM that they would not apply for parish relief, and if this resolution implied that

they were determined to find work for themselves, it would, no doubt, be exceedingly creditable to them. Parading the streets in a theatrical manner, with black flags inscribed with the words "Work or Bread," is not the way to attain this laudable end. The real meaning of the display, which is intended to strike the heart of the bloated capitalist with terror, was artlessly disclosed by THOMAS WALKER, a cabinet-maker, who wanted to know whether, "if they got the recognition of the man in blue cloth and bright buttons by smashing windows and breaking butchers' and bakers' shops," they might be sent to prison for a treat. Sir JAMES INGHAM dealt in a very proper and dignified way with this and other impertinences addressed to him. Mr. WALKER and his friends are very far from deserving the time and trouble which have to be bestowed upon them. They do harm, and nothing but harm. They shut the purses of the charitable, and cast a slur upon the honest and industrious poor, for whom this early winter may mean very serious hardship. There is no really formidable movement so far, for it is estimated that only about a thousand people, idlers included, could be got together in Trafalgar Square on Wednesday. If we could believe that these were the only unemployed in London, we should have good reason to congratulate ourselves on the state of the labour market.

A good many hard things are said about the Metropolitan Police, especially by disinterested critics who have been in their hands. It is, therefore, a pleasure to be able to praise the admirable manner in which Sir CHARLES WARREN and his subordinates have dealt with these processions of theatrical distress. The task has not been an easy one, and it has been thoroughly well done. The agitation in itself may be contemptible enough. But these continued marchings through crowded streets might at any moment have led to riot, to the destruction of property, and even to a repetition of those orgies which disgraced London in February 1886. Tact and management, incessant watchfulness and unflinching temper, have succeeded in avoiding any semblance of disorder. No attempt has been made to prevent men from walking about in any fashion or with any array they pleased. But they have been kept moving, they have not been allowed to cause any block or stoppage in the traffic, and constables have been dexterously stationed so as to be ready for action in front or rear. When it is considered that a mob of this kind consists largely of roughs, and contains a fair sprinkling of professional thieves, the success of the police is creditable to the strategy of the Chief Commissioner, as well as to the combined zeal and caution of the "men in blue cloth and bright buttons." A few mounted constables have been employed with the best results, and the most timorous shopkeeper has had nothing to fear. On Wednesday, when the procession penetrated from Trafalgar Square through Fenchurch Street and Aldgate, the City police showed the same judgment and discretion as the metropolitan force. Of course it is a pity that constables should have to be taken away from more regular duty for the purpose of watching these ridiculous demonstrations of vagabond ruffianism. But the smouldering anarchy of great towns requires occasional outlets, and Paris or New York would be very thankful if they had nothing worse to cope with than loafers and black flags. Meanwhile it is much to be wished that men of science, who ought to know better, would not talk nonsense about the "value" of human beings as such. Sir SPENCER WELLS informs the world through the *Times* that every person in the United Kingdom is "worth" a hundred and fifty-nine pounds to the State. Sir SPENCER WELLS must be aware that a man cannot produce without living, and that he cannot live upon nothing. Some people produce more than they consume. Others consume more than they produce. They must all live upon the resources of the soil, which are limited. But, if the theory of Sir SPENCER WELLS be correct, there can be no such thing as over-population. This monstrous fallacy, which Sir SPENCER WELLS can scarcely have meant us to adopt, is the cause of more distress than any other form of intellectual error.

his hearers, had been put into writing in detail and submitted to the Round Table Conference. "I know," he adds, "that it was carried to Mr. GLADSTONE, and though 'I do not know, I have no right to say, that Mr. GLADSTONE has adopted my proposal, it is at all events significant that since he was made acquainted with it, he has said in public that he is now convinced that it would be possible to carry out the transfer of ownership from the landlord to the cultivator, and to secure the abolition of dual ownership without having recourse to British credit.' Mr. GLADSTONE's satellites, however, will no doubt indignantly repudiate the idea of their master's having 'adopted' anything of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's; and we must ourselves admit that we are not much impressed by the piece of evidence to which Mr. CHAMBERLAIN appeals. It was perfectly certain, after the reception of Mr. GLADSTONE's own Land Purchase Bill—if, indeed, we are to regard that measure as having ever been seriously meant at all—that no more would be heard of any proposal to 'pledge British credit.' It was to prepare the withdrawal of that unpopular proposal that Mr. GLADSTONE warned the Irish landlords that 'the sands'—which they had never been told were running—had nearly run out; and it would have been a perfectly safe prediction that, if the author of the Separation scheme were ever allowed to try his hand again at the Irish agrarian problem, he would have to devise some solution of it which did not expose the British taxpayer to any, or any apparent, risk. And since whatever achievement is necessary for the attainment of Mr. GLADSTONE's political ends must thereby become financially practicable and morally respectable, we were not surprised to hear that the transfer of ownership from the landlord to the cultivator could be, in Mr. GLADSTONE's present opinion, effected without having recourse to British credit, and we should have fully expected to hear the same thing from him whether Mr. CHAMBERLAIN had laid down any like proposition or not.

But whether the proposition may be safely accepted from either of the two projectors is another question; and on this we can only say that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's exposition of his proposals, so far as he has gone into them at present, has left us unconvinced. Briefly put, the plan is to make "properly constituted local authorities in Ireland responsible for the collection of rent for the cultivator and for the payment of the interest upon the bonds or other securities" which might have been issued to the landlords as compensation for their lands. This payment is, moreover, to be secured in part upon the contribution of two millions from the national exchequer to local resources and in part upon the two and a half millions which represents the total local taxation for Ireland. We confess, however, to finding the greatest difficulty in seeing how execution, or foreclosure, or whatever we may choose to call it, could be had of either of those funds, and particularly of the last, without producing such grave disorganization throughout the country as to make the resort to the remedy a practical impossibility. The task of bringing a defalcating Irish local authority to book has not been found so easy by the Government itself as to justify them in calling upon a private creditor to perform it. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, it is true, has yet to expound his scheme in more detail, and he may be prepared with some suggestion for making his proposed securities readily realizable in case of need. But, unless he can do this, he will find himself at last compelled to have recourse to that "British credit" which he declares he would have no objection "on principle" to pledging for the particular purpose in question. All he says on the subject is that there is a universal prejudice against it in the minds of the British taxpayers, and in that he is probably right. We shall not, however, abandon the hope that the prejudice against expropriating private citizens with only illusory compensation—assuming, as we fully expect it will be found, that all plans of compensation not involving a State guarantee are illusory—may prove to be equally "universal," and will ultimately prevail over its competitor.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S LAND PURCHASE SCHEME.

IN setting forth at Coleraine the main outlines of his scheme of land purchase, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN made a very interesting announcement confirmatory of what has hitherto been only matter of report. His scheme, he told

LATIN PRONUNCIATION.

THE letter which Dr. Postgate sent to the newspapers last week recommending schoolmasters to adopt the pronunciation of Latin put forth some time ago in a pamphlet issued with the authority of the Cambridge Philological Society (London: Trübner) has naturally attracted considerable attention. For a good many

years past various systems of the kind have been put forward at head-master's conferences and similar meetings, but the Universities have hitherto been indocile to change, and as long as they did not move, it was practically impossible for schools to do anything. The theories which (as they were once collectively defined) consist in "pronouncing *voce* like *Walker*" have thus been playthings only, playthings of some ingenious admirers of innovation. The Cambridge circular (for though it does not, strictly speaking, possess any University sanction, an intimation that such and such a scheme will be generally followed in college lectures is almost equivalent to a formal declaration of the University) changes the plaything into a "sealed pattern." If Oxford were to follow suit, there can be little doubt that the system would become almost universal—till another rose.

We may as well say frankly and at once that we regret very deeply the decision at which Dr. Postgate and the other excellent scholars whose names are associated with his have arrived, that we trust that even at Cambridge their example will not be generally followed, and that we hope it will not be followed at all at the sister University. The reasons for this regret and hope are, as we conceive them, very strong indeed, and deserve to be strongly expressed, though, of course, with all respect to those who hold other views. It is neither necessary nor desirable to enter here into detailed criticisms of the proposed changes, for the objections, as it happens, do not lie against the details, but against the general principles of the change. Nor is it necessary or desirable here to enter into detailed exposition of the new system itself, which may be supposed to be familiar to those immediately concerned, and which to others would require considerable and rather long-winded comment. Nor yet need we dwell on the fact that not a few of the new sounds are sounds which the average English tongue will hardly frame to pronounce. The contrast of the advantages (as we think them) of the present system and of the disadvantages of that which it is proposed to substitute can, on the other hand, be made plain in a general and, we venture to think, in a forcible manner.

Nobody possessing any knowledge or any sense would think of defending the actual English pronunciation of Latin as what is called in common language "right." Even a tolerably intelligent Fifth-form boy knows perfectly well that no such sounds as "graitus, infelix, füllium" are ever likely to have come out of a Roman mouth, or out of the mouth of any Southern people. The Latin which we talk and read does not pretend to be, orally, in the least like the Latin which Cicero or Martial talked or read. It is quite frankly, intelligibly, and rationally wrong. Its contention for itself is that, if we do not know what sounds the Romans did make, it is better simply to pronounce their language as we pronounce our own, and to make no attempt at all at what we can never be certain to succeed in. To this, of course, it is answered on the other side that we *do* know, or at any rate can form very shrewd guesses, how the Romans talked. Probably neither Dr. Peile nor Dr. Postgate would go quite so far as a rash hailer of the dawn of the Latin revolution, who in the *Daily News* the other day observed that, if people had only heard how nice the Grace at Christ's sounds in the majestic harmony of the Augustan tongue they would not hesitate to adopt it. The question, of course, is whether the sounds, dulcet or other, which have served as *apéritifs* to the digestions of the successors of Milton are the majestic etceteras or are not. And we can hardly conceive any but a rash—a very rash—partisan categorically asserting that they are. We have said that this is no place for criticizing them in detail; but an enumeration of the sources of the supposed New Learning on the whole question is very much in point, and will, of itself, suffice to show the strength of the old position and the weakness of the new. First, there are certain well-known anecdotes, such as the famous "Cauneas" story (Caunean figs, or *cave ne eas*), stories which indicate, or are supposed to indicate, roughly what the vocalization of Latin was. Secondly, there is the transliteration of Latin words, chiefly proper names, into contemporary Greek, which might really be a valuable key if the pronunciation of the one language were not to the pronunciation of the other very much as *ignotus* to *ignotum*. Thirdly, there are a few direct statements of Cicero, Quintilian, the grammarians, and others. Fourthly, there are inferences from the spelling or misspelling of inscriptions and MSS. And, lastly, there is a very intricate, very ingenious, and in the very highest degree conjectural machinery which, taking Latin—especially late Latin—in conjunction with the earliest known forms of the Romance tongues which have sprung from it—endeavours to establish by this means systems of Latin accentuation and Latin pronunciation generally. Of this we shall say no more than was once said before by a person by no means ignorant either of Latin or of early Romance. "Latin accentuation is a subject important to settle; and there happens to be a most suitable settling-day—the Greek Kalends." To speak more seriously, the sources of information on the whole matter are so meagre, dubious, and untrustworthy, and the part which conjecture must play in the construction of any system, no matter what, is so large, that certainty in any case is impossible. What may be said is, that in any such system there may possibly be some lucky shots, but there will certainly be not a few utter misses. It is, therefore, very pertinent indeed to ask whether a convenient practice, which does not pretend to accuracy, is not better than a counsel of perfection which almost demonstrably is the reverse of perfect?

But there is more than this. The present English pronuncia-

tion has, accidentally perhaps, but as an inseparable accident, the virtue of marking the great feature of the most important part of classical literature—quantity—in a manner which cannot possibly be secured by the new plan. It is unnecessary to tell any scholar that Continental scholarship has always been weak in matters relating to this point, first, it would appear, from the fact that modern Continental languages almost wholly sacrifice quantity to accent, and secondly, from the other fact that the broader and sharper vowel sounds used by other nations almost refuse to adjust themselves to a clear distinction between long and short. Unless our memory plays us tricks, some Continental scholars of the very first eminence have made, owing to this very defect, emendations which the ear of any trained English schoolboy would show him to be impossible. Rationally or irrationally, our English vowels in every case have pairs, or sets, of sounds attached to them which are entirely different. For instance, the difference between such words as "tâche" and "tache" in French is so slight as to have sometimes led to a false rhyme, while the difference in English between "bat" and "gräte" is absolutely free from the possibility of confusion. According to the new system, only a slight and easily mistaken pause or stress divides the pronunciation of the long and the short "vi" in such a word as *viuidus*. In the old (unless the most scandalous laxity and slovenliness have been allowed), the quantities of the two are automatically registered for ever in the schoolboy's mind the very first time he hears it pronounced. Now quantity is so entirely the soul of Greek and of Roman poetry that it is almost impossible to exaggerate the importance of this. If any one doubts it (which seems impossible), let him compare the annotations on the same writer of two such scholars as Lachmann and Munro, and see the Englishman's advantage in appreciating the music, the poetry, of his author. Yet Lachmann was a man of general literary culture unusual among Continental scholars.

But to some perhaps the strongest argument has yet to come. We have shown that even the advantage in accuracy is very dubious, that there is a great and irreparable loss inevitable. But now we shall take to the interrogative, and ask very humbly to be told what earthly gain is proposed? We can see absolutely none. If there were the slightest chance of Latin regaining its place as the universal language of conversation, there might be some gain, at least as far as the change of the vowel sounds goes. But no one out of Laputa dreams that we shall call Latin into a new existence to save us from Volapük. It will hardly be pretended by any one that the change will add in the slightest degree to the literary appreciation of the classics, save that it may perhaps make more obvious the badness of some of the singularly bad jokes with which the great Roman mind seems to have relaxed itself. If it be said that the new orthoepy and the new philology will assist each other, we should rather venture to doubt that; and, if the point were established, we should not be greatly comforted. For, blasphemy though it may be to say so, there has probably never in all the world been such an example of (in the bad and unjust sense of the word) "scholastic" triviality as the endless dissertations on *vocalismus* and *consonantismus* in which some modern scholarship delights.

Why, then, with nothing (or *Si Peu Que Rien*) to gain, with a great deal to lose, and with no discoverable motive except the desire of innovation, should we cut ourselves off from the traditions of English scholarship, confuse and muddle the whole system of training, and install upon the ruins of the old something which will last—how long? For no one, not even we should say its hardest promoters, will assign to the new dispensation a character of immortality. How many systems as laboriously elaborated, as warmly advocated, as authoritatively endorsed, have even middle-aged men among us seen triumphant and triumphed over in their turn? Twenty years ago we were all believing (or told to believe, for the rebelliousness of some persons is astonishing and saddening) that association would solve all our doubts in philosophy, that every mythical and many a philological difficulty could be got over by the simple aid of dawn and sunset, that supply and demand was the first and last word of political economy, and so forth. Where be these brave theories now? If we cannot say "autant en emporte li vens" of all of them, the wind and the stream certainly have carried some of them right down to their share of the wave of Cocytus, while others are desperately trying to make way against the wind—the wind that will carry them all off. The present system, we maintain once more, is founded on a rock, the rock of frank, unpretentious, rational wrongness which does not pretend to be right, and which has no practical inconvenience and much convenience that is very practical indeed. The system recommended stands on a sand of theory and conjecture. It never can be more than probably right; it never can be less than possibly wrong. And yet is it nothing if not demonstrably correct in every particular.

MANCHESTER AND MITCHELSTOWN.

A PRESUMABLY grand old man, Mr. Craig, of Hammer-smith, has written to the grandest of old men, Mr. Gladstone, of Hawarden, a letter which purports to describe what the first old man saw sixty-eight years ago at Manchester, when what has since been known as the Peterloo massacre occurred. Mr. Gladstone was then nine or ten years of age. Mr. Craig must, we infer, have been considerably older, or he would scarcely have borne his part

in what a more recent slang would call a political demonstration. The letter of the elder to the younger grand old man has not, so far as we have observed, been published. It gives, however, if its purport has been correctly described, "a detailed account of what he saw at an open meeting held at Peterloo, near Manchester, in 1819, when upwards of sixty thousand people, assembled to petition Parliament for the adoption of vote by ballot, universal suffrage, the abolition of the Corn-laws, and the reform of the representation of the people, were attacked by a troop of yeomanry with drawn swords for the purpose of suppressing the meeting, eleven persons being killed and six hundred being seriously wounded, Mr. Tyas, the *Times* reporter, being taken as a prisoner before the magistrates." On this crowning enormity we do not propose to comment; nor is it fair to hold Mr. Craig, of Hammersmith, responsible for the brief abstract of his letter which alone, so far as we know, has seen the light. The interest of the correspondence attaches not to the letter of the first grand old man, but to the reply of the second grand old man, which is textually as follows:—"Oct. 7, 1887. Pray accept my thanks for the interesting account which you sent me of the disgraceful proceedings in 1819, a repetition of which, until lately, would have been deemed impossible." Mr. Craig was right if he supposed that Mr. Gladstone would be grateful for, and interested in, any narrative which he could interpret in a sense disgraceful to his country and to its authorities, and for an opportunity of discrediting political opponents, charged with Ministerial responsibility, and so of prejudicing the fair administration of justice in Ireland.

Mr. Gladstone writes in the vague and allusive manner which is habitual with him, preferring always sinister insinuation to direct accusation. Somebody said of Gibbon that his style suggested the idea of a man who could not look you in the face. What was said of Gibbon is certainly true of Mr. Gladstone. He does not mention Mitchelstown, but Mitchelstown is obviously in his mind; and he desires to intimate that the proceedings there are precisely parallel with the disgraceful occurrences at Manchester nearly seventy years ago. This statement he published while the merely preliminary investigations, now concluded, were in progress. Mr. Gladstone had the boldness in the House of Commons to reproach Mr. Balfour with prematurely acquitting the police, because he did what Mr. Gladstone himself and Mr. John Morley would have done if they had been in office—namely, accept the account given by the authorities of their action, pending a judicial investigation. It ought to be needless to point out that if this provisional credit is not given by the Executive to its instruments and subordinates the action of those subordinates will be paralyzed. It may be further said that a similar trust is due to them as a matter of honourable obligation on the part of every member of the community on whose behalf they act. Even if they had not any official character they would have a right as persons accused to the presumption of their innocence. Until lately they might have reckoned on this. Now they are reckoning without Mr. Gladstone. If he were anybody else than Mr. Gladstone the eccentricity would be worth regard only as a psychological and moral phenomenon. The problem would be an interesting one, how a man who has been educated and lived with English gentlemen, who has spent more than half a century in public life, and more than a quarter of a century in the service of the Crown, can have completely cast aside decent reserve and forbearance, and even the semblance of the impartiality obligatory upon all citizens, and have hastened to prejudice a case which remained for decision by the proper legal tribunals. But Mr. Gladstone does not stand alone. His voice rouses many echoes. He is surrounded by a rabble of camp-followers, and the cry which he raises will be taken up by these men, who follow him as he follows the Laboucheres, Conybeares, Harringtons, and O'Briens, for whose breaches of decency and equity excuses of one kind or another may be pleaded which do not avail him. The degradation and dishonour are not merely personal. They affect the bulk of the Liberal party and men once esteemed in it, who are sullied by the stains which disfigure Mr. Gladstone's later career but have no share in its earlier and brighter renown.

Manchester and Mitchelstown both begin with M, and there were meetings and riots in both, and altogether they resemble each other almost as closely as Macedon and Monmouth. But it is hard to see any other resemblance between "the disgraceful proceedings" of 1819 and those of 1887. The purpose of the Manchester assembly was to demand certain political changes which, wise or unwise, were fair subjects of controversy, and, according to modern ideas, of agitation and monster "demonstrations." The purpose of the Mitchelstown meeting was lawlessly to encourage Mr. O'Brien in a contumacious refusal to obey a legal summons to present himself for trial before a regularly constituted court. The aim of the authorities in Manchester was to arrest the leaders of the movement which had brought the people into St. Peter's fields. The aim of the authorities at Mitchelstown was to secure the presence in a place convenient for the purpose of two sworn reporters. At Manchester the chief constable, whose business it was to execute the warrants, declared he could not do so without military support, and a body of yeomanry was ordered to advance with drawn swords through the dense throng. At Mitchelstown, certain constables without military weapons, carrying only their batons, were ordered to escort the reporters to the place where the speakers stood. At Manchester, the Yeomanry, owing to the density of the crowd, were unable, as a body, to penetrate it, and making their way one by one, were walled up

and unable to move. They were not assaulted, and the obstruction, there is every reason to believe, rose simply from the fact that every inch of the ground was occupied and from the natural law that two bodies cannot fill the same space. The idea arising that the Yeomanry were in danger, the cavalry, which had been stationed with other troops on the outskirts of the meeting, were ordered to advance, and rushed on the crowd, whom they struck with the flats of their drawn swords, though the edges seem occasionally to have been used. At Mitchelstown, the police were not allowed to enter the crowd for the purpose of placing the reporters in their position. They were assailed by men carrying blackthorn sticks and bludgeons, and by a contingent of countrymen on horses, who drove them back. At Manchester, according to Samuel Bamford, the men of the Middleton division, of which he was one of the leaders, were formally instructed that no sticks or weapons of any kind would be allowed, and this order was enforced, except in the case of a few old and infirm men, who were permitted to support themselves on walking-sticks. Bamford's instructions do not appear to have been acted on universally in other contingents, but practically similar regulations were carried out, and the meeting, as a whole, was unarmed, even with staves. Bamford instructed his people to offer no resistance to the police in case he or any other leader should be arrested, and insisted that they should be allowed to execute their office peaceably. At Mitchelstown the police were resisted, not in attempting to make arrests, but while escorting reporters, by men on horse and on foot, mounted and armed with bludgeons for that purpose. At Manchester the military assailed and dispersed the meeting, striking and sometimes slashing with their swords an unresisting and flying crowd; at Mitchelstown the mob drove the police to their barracks, beating and stoning them; and the police did not use their rifles, which they had left behind them there, until they believed, rightly or wrongly, that the barracks were in danger of capture. The proceedings at Mitchelstown offer in every respect a contrast to the proceedings in Manchester. If Mr. Gladstone has any knowledge of the details of what was afterwards called the Peterloo Massacre, he can be acquitted of deliberate suggestion of falsehood and suppression of truth only by granting him, as may reasonably and charitably be done, the benefit of passionate prepossessions which distort his perceptions of things and perturb his memory. If he is ignorant of them, his ignorance and the sinister insinuations for which it accounts, being voluntary and removable, do not admit of excuse. That the colleague and the successor in the Premiership of England of Wellington and Peel, of Palmerston, Aberdeen, Russell, and Derby, should be closing his public career as a politician of the "Orator" Hunt and Feargus O'Connor type, is a fact worth pondering. Mr. Gladstone has passed from the opinions of Lord Eldon and Mr. Perceval to those of Mr. Labouchere and Mr. Conybeare; but the intellectual topsyturvy is less remarkable than the moral derangement.

COMMANDERÍA.

THE origin of the Commanderies of the Knights of St. John the Almoner dates probably from about 1100, when, enabled by profuse gifts of land from Christian princes, the order began to found in Jerusalem and in its chief maritime European provinces the refuges for pilgrims, the poor, and the sick, which obtained them their special title of Hospitaliers. The term *Commandery* had its rise in the fact that the properties were confided *in commendam* to administrators chosen within the order—"commendamus" was the expression used in the writings which put an administrator or accountant into his charge; and thus too arose the title of Commander. The net revenue which he furnished to the order, after discharging all expenses, was called his "responsion." A Chapter-general of 1428 assigned the Commanderies as the residence of the novice-knights, who had theretofore roamed, or erred as the term was, at their own wild will. This turned these possessions into a kind of seminaries or academies under the control of the Commanders, and gave them their other name of *Preceptories*.

The Commandery of chief concern here is that of Cyprus, an island long and often either a refuge or a base of operations for this order, and for that of the Temple, which, according to the chronicle of John of Brompton, was said to have been fostered at its foundation by the Hospitaliers, if not to have sprung from them. The more purely military character of the Templars soon made them more fashionable than the Knights of St. John, and the story of how they bought Cyprus from Cour-de-Lion is familiar. But they soon made it too hot to hold them by their haughty Latin oppression of the Greek; and, after slashing with their swords a crowd of effervescing Nicosians, they gave the island back again. Emulation between the two great orders changed early into envy and hostility, and it is well known how the Grand-master of the Templars defended these contests, on the ground of the salutary esprit de corps from which they sprang and which they fomented. Reconciled by the Pope in 1182, when they were on the point of "having it out," they in the next century came to open blows, and never met without coaching lances. St. Louis patched up a peace between them when he was in Cyprus in 1249, but ten years later these sanguinary Christian warriors—"brothers," as the papal official documents called them—came to a pitched battle *à outrance* in the Holy

Land, and the Templars were cut to pieces. After the fall of Acre in 1291, the ten surviving Templars (out of five hundred) escaped to Cyprus, where they too obtained an important Commandery; and they were preceded by the remnant of the Hospitallers, who were always more favourably viewed by the Greek population, and once before the charge of the island had been confided to them by the absent king. He now granted them the seaside town of Limisso, then ruined by the constant descents of Arab and Saracen corsairs, but forbade them to acquire any property in the island. At Limassol, therefore, they erected earth-works against the threatening Moslems, and thither the Grand-master summoned all his knights in Christendom to a chapter of the order, and their quasi-retreat there soon proved the foundation of their maritime prowess. The old hostility of the Cypriots and the Hospitallers clung to the Templars, and in a few years they left Cyprus again, and distributed themselves over their European Commanderies, thus laying the foundation of one of the charges not long afterwards urged too justly against them of having abandoned their Eastern posts in the front. It was in 1306 that the Hospitallers, not having elbow-room at Limassol, seized decadent Rhodes in the teeth of the Saracens, the Emperor of Constantinople, and his rebellious Greeks, and after four years of hard work were masters of that island, and so became the Knights of Rhodes; while their Cyprus possessions again descended to the rank of a Commandery, and their patron-saint worked miracles at Amathonte.

All the princes, prelates, and monks of Christendom envied and coveted the immense properties held by both orders. Matthew Paris said that about 1244 the Knights of St. John had 19,000 manors, and were thus more than twice wealthier than the Templars, who only held 9,000. The grand total of the net responsibilities of all the Commanderies of St. John in 1330 was 164,390 gold florins; nine years later it had risen to 180,000, which would be something like 300,000*l.* a year at the present day. When the Templars at last got into trouble, we may rest certain that the Rhodian knights did not stir a finger to help them over the stile, and when that ill-fated order—to which the Turkish chroniclers, for good reasons of their own, would not allow the name of humanity—was broken, both on the wheel and off it, "horse, foot, and dragons," in 1312, the Hospitallers succeeded to all of their possessions which were not seized by the Christian princes.

The prohibition to acquire property in Cyprus was but a dead letter to these lofty Knights; and so we find, at the beginning of the fourteenth century, that the Commandery, which existed there before 1210, had become almost a principality. After the Grand-mastery, it was the highest dignity and charge of the order in the East; the town and castle of Kolossi were its headquarters, and it embraced numerous villages, including Piskopi and its castle, then also known as Curias, which had formerly been a royal residence. The produce, besides taxes taken in money, consisted chiefly in corn, cotton, sugar, oil, and wine. The response in 1330 was 60,000 golden bezants of Cyprus, equal to 15,000 gold florins; in 1339 this amount had risen to 20,000 florins, or about 33,000*l.* But in 1471 the net revenue was only 4,500 florins, and it had been lower, doubtless consequent upon the continual assaults and ravages to which it was subjected. In 1427 the Soldan of Egypt had descended on Cyprus and laid waste the Commandery, pulling down the houses, felling the timber, and uprooting the vines; and thirteen years later he renewed his visit, and burned it down. In 1490 the first island evaluation by the Venetians put the forty-one villages of the Gran Commandaria at 8,000 ducats yearly. There was also a smaller "Commandaria" of only five villages, called della Finicha—probably Phinika, in Papho—estimated at 1,600 ducats; and the minor Commandaria then still called "del Tempio" (Tembro and the Fungi chiftlik near Kyrenia), which was worth, "per stima," 200 ducats. These Commanderies of Cyprus apparently did not become quite lost to the Knights of St. John when the Venetians, partly by policy and partly by force, became the virtual masters of the island circa 1480-90, for some sixty years later is found a statute of the Grand-master Claude de la Sengle (1554-1557) for leasing the property. After the abdication of Catherine Cornaro, the "daughter of Venice" and Queen of Cyprus, in 1489, and the definite annexation of the island by Venice, part of the Grand Commandery was assigned to another Cornaro family which had sprung originally from the same stock, and about 1490 we accordingly find "li magnifici Corneri d'Episcopia" registered as having an income of 2,500 golden ducats. They come fifth on a list which is headed by "il clarissimo Messer Zorzi Corner," George Cornaro, the Queen's brother, with a rent-roll of 7,000 ducats, and he is followed by a Contarini, conte del Zaffo (Jaffa), which doubtless gives some clue to the origin of the title of *Contarini Fleming*. Sibyl, by the way, was Queen of Jerusalem in 1187, and the young Disraeli spent a day at Cyprus in 1830. Two other Corners there are in this list, Oridet of Karpas and Aluise, or Louis, with small revenues of 300 and 500 ducats. The true Venetian name was Corner; they claimed descent from the Roman gens *Cornelia*, and were certainly one of the oldest noble families of the State; reckoning up a doge, twenty-two procurators, captain-generals, and ambassadors, nine cardinals, and many prelates. They held numerous lordships in the East, the chief of which were in Dalmatia, the Morea, the Archipelago, and Cyprus. Helena Lucrezia Cornaro Piscopia was perhaps the last celebrated member of the family. A doctor of theology, an extraordinary linguist both in the living and the dead, a poet, a musician, and a great beauty, she took

the vow of celibacy in order to devote herself wholly to letters, and wore by special license the Benedictine habit under a secular dress in the most illustrious academies; that of Padua put up a statue to her, and she died in 1684 at the age of thirty-eight. The family soon afterwards became extinct, and in 1738 had not a single living representative. The last descendant of the queen's branch, Messer Cattarino Corner, died at the beginning of this century, and their palace of San Cassan is now the Monte di Pietà. Some poor modern paintings in its halls still recall the principal events in the romantic life of the last Queen of Cyprus.

Of course when the Turks conquered Cyprus in 1570 the Knights of Malta, as they had then come to be called—and the Corners too—lost every foot of ground they then had still any claim to, and the Commandery merged in the Crown lands of the Sultan. But broken and shattered though their ancient domains had become, the bouquet of the Commandery wine hung round it still; and two hundred years afterwards Malta still reserved its rights over the property, and still conferred the empty title of its Commander on a Cornaro of Venice. But the Commandaria district then had come to be spoken of as extending along the coast from Limassol on the east to Paphos on the west, and running back to the Troödos range, which would have included all the former districts of Piskopi, Kilani, Evdimou, and Kouklia; but this definition of 1770 had reference to the production of the wine called Commandaria, and not solely to the holdings of the Knights. And as a matter of fact all the southern and some of the northern slopes of the Olympus range, as far east as Stavro Vouni or Holy-cross, produce varying qualities of Commandaria wine.

About 1490 the Venetians estimated the island yield of wine at 400,000 metri. If this metro or measure was the jar of about five old Florence flasks, the produce had fallen to a tenth of that yield about 1770, under the wrecking of the Venetians themselves and the subsequent fatal recklessness of the Turk. The wine was, and is, generally sold by the load (though now priced by the oke), which meant 16 of those jars, or 4 barrels; the tun contained 70 jars. In 1770 about a fourth of the total yield was Commandaria, and the superior reputation of that wine was doubtless originally due to the superior management of the vineyards of the Knights. A hundred and twenty years ago the greater portion of the red vintage was shipped for Venice before it was eighteen months old, and thus, two hundred years after the Republic had lost Cyprus, it was—and it even still is—in fashion and in great demand in every caffè there. This common new wine then cost at Larnaka from three-fourths to one piastre (of 3½ Florence lire) the jar; but the best and the older wines—five to six, eight, and ten years old—fetched thrice that, and were bought for France, Holland, Italy, and England. "Le vin dou Quilane"—wine of Kilani—which is mentioned in a statute of the Chapter-general of Limassol on 5th November, 1300, is doubtless represented by the modern Commandaria. Ora and Lefkara are now celebrated for it; but the villages of Zoopii and Orongou had a reputation for the best wine at the end of the eighteenth century. There may have been the nucleus of the Commandaria plantations on the stony hillsides of blackish and reddish earth, mingled with particles of tale, lying on the cretaceous Eocene formation; for the Commandaria grape, which has twice replanted Madeira, differs from the commoner in having a thinner skin and a compacter pulp. The first days of August open the general vintage—although the grapes from the warmest spots are sold and eaten from the end of May onwards—and its duration of some six weeks is due partly to the widely differing altitudes and aspects of the vineyards, and partly to the custom of first gathering and pressing the inferior grapes, and leaving the best until the end of October, to over-ripen and grow sweet for the choicest wines. They are pounded with flat mallets on a sloping hard floor before pressing, and the deep-red must ferments in immense inverted-pear-shaped stoneware jars, half sunk in the ground. When the jars are, at the end of some six weeks, covered over, the wine has become lighter in colour. The jars, which are baked so large as to hold from twelve to twenty barrels, have been made probably from all antiquity at the villages of Lapithos, Korno, and Varoshia. The custom of burying those holding the best wine in deep trenches has long furnished the cunning Cypriot with a means of evading the gauger. Being porous, these jars are coated with pitch, or with a compost of pitch, turpentine, vine-ashes, sand, and goat's hair. This, applied boiling, penetrates the substance of the jar, and never quits it, and partly accounts for the repulsive taste and smell of almost all the coarser and newer Cyprus wines. But the chief cause of this tar-flavour is the transport of the wine in skins, which are also stanchured with pitch within. The churning of the wine in these, under an Eastern sun during a tedious journey, completes the ruin of the wine for a European palate, and it takes it twelve or fifteen years to recover. The local taste of course approves, and it is no worse from a hygienic point of view than Berkeley's once famous tar-water, which is still upheld here and there at the tables-d'hôte of the French and Belgian bagmen. The only radical cure for it is to make roads practicable for carts into the wine districts, so that the merchants of the towns—for Mahomet must go to the mountain—can send up pure casks, and bring down the wine themselves. Some efforts have lately been made in this direction near Limassol, and wine now in some places comes down in wood on camels, instead of in skins on donkeys and mules; but the vast majority of the communications

are all but impracticable mountain-paths and mule-tracks, which drive the peasants to the use of the wine-skin. The more fastidious residents of the Scalas have long been accustomed to send up the large glass demijohns (Arabic: *damajana*) cased in wicker-work on donkey-back, to bring down their household wine in cleanly fashion from the vineyards, and the wine keeps better in a dame-jeanne than in wood; but then they are fragile. So long as the wine was worth little or nothing the pitch did not much matter—many a Spanish village was plastered with mortar made with wine, as being handier than water—but now that France's difficulties have given Cyprus an opportunity, we ought no longer to have Cyprus wines offered in a positively repellent condition, as they were at the celebrated bars of the Colonial Exhibition last year. It is curious to find that, so long as 120 years ago some wine-makers from Provence established themselves at Omodos to eradicate the pitching practices, and found a good foreign market for their produce.

A century since all the wines of the island went to Larnaka, for market and shipment, but now pushing Limassol is the chief mart. There the tuns are still rolled into the sea, tied together, and floated out to the steamers by hundreds; and a second iron jetty is being built to meet the glut of business, for Cyprus shipped last year a million and a half gallons of all kinds of wine, at the price of 100d. the gallon, a great advance upon the previous year's 7d. for four-fifths of the quantity. The number of wine-makers has increased in four years from 7,000 to 9,000, doubtless under the encouragement of the French demand, for France paid Cyprus last year 22,000*l.* for wine, just about the increase in the annual value of the export. The conversion in 1884 of the tithe on grapes into an additional excise of wine has also been an encouragement to the vineyards, and the yield last year of all sorts—red, black (*mavro*), Muscat, Moracaneilla, and Commanderia—was the largest ever known; being (raki, grapes, and raisins apart) nearly 2½ millions of gallons.

In bottling Commanderia an air space of at least two finger-breadths should be left, and it should be warmed before drinking, notwithstanding the French prejudice. There is a current story of an "illustre Gaudissart" of the wine-business, who was called in to put some of Sir Richard Wallace's old clarets through their facings, and found the bottles carefully ranged about a stove by the butler. The judge started back in consternation. "Je ne puis pas souffrir le bischoff!" he gasped, "you must bring me other bottles." Many old travellers in Cyprus, following the Bible commentators of the past, have made another sort of mull about the ancient repute of its wine, quoting from the Song of Solomon "Botrus Cypri dilectus meus mihi in vineis Engaddi"; but this "botrus Cypri" is not a grape, but the privet-like flower of the henna (*Lawsonia inermis*), which has the form of a bunch of grapes. A monk named Etienne de Lusignan wrote another ancient taradiddle about some of the old wines looted by the Turks. He said they took fire, and burnt like oil. If so, they were not wine but spirit, the excellent raki or mastic of the Levant, of which nearly 120,000 gallons were made last year in Cyprus. Old Commanderia is still a cure for fever in the island, and more of the simple old surgery survives in the belief that it is excellent for dressing a wound. That eclectic morsel the beccatco is beheaded, scalded, and preserved in Commanderia and vinegar. Take him out of pickle, split him, grill him like a kabob, and serve him red hot on toast with chopped parsley.

THE CESAREWITCH.

IF leviathan stakes are destined to supersede old-fashioned races of moderate value, it seems odd that the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire, which are seldom worth much more than 1,000*l.*, and are sometimes worth even less, should continue to excite as much interest as ever, that horses should be specially "kept" for them, and that they should produce more betting than any other races of the season. In many respects these two handicaps were exceptionally prosperous this year, for there were 100 subscribers to the first and 126 to the second, against 83 and 98 last year. One trainer, A. Taylor, alone had twenty horses entered for the Cesarewitch. The acceptances for the latter race were very good. It is rather curious that forfeit was paid for no less than fourteen horses handicapped at 6 st. 7 lbs. or less. Perhaps it is still more wonderful that some of them should ever have been entered, especially four, whose owners were not content that they should be weighted with 5 st. 7 lbs. and 5 st. 9 lbs. On the other hand, the four most heavily-weighted horses in the handicap were left in.

One of the first horses backed for the Cesarewitch was The Baron, who had run second for both the Derby and the Grand Prix. He was handicapped at 7 st. 11 lbs., or 6 lbs. below St. Leger form. Lord E. Somerset's Carlton was very soon introduced into the betting at 33 to 1. Last year he had been kept very quiet until the Cambridgeshire, having only been out once previously, when he was unplaced. For the Cambridgeshire he became a strong first favourite, but he only ran third. This season he began by starting first favourite for the City and Suburban Handicap, when carrying the nice weight of 6 st. 12 lbs., and he was beaten by Merry Duchess, a mare that subsequently had a very successful season, and was now to meet him on 17 lbs. better terms. After the Epsom Spring Meeting he enjoyed a long series of unbroken victories, landing nearly 5,000*l.* in stakes for

his owner, and all these races were won over long courses of about two miles. Such a horse was certain to be put very high up in the handicap, and his name appeared second, with 9 st. 2 lbs. It was a heavy weight, yet from 33 to 1 he gradually rose in the betting, until he stood at 9 to 1—a position, however, which he did not long maintain. Fourteen other horses had accepted for the Cesarewitch from the same stable (Taylor's), and great was the mystery surrounding them. We may observe that the handicapper had honoured one of them—namely, Whistle Jacket, who had never run in public—by weighting him within 2 lbs. of the winner of the Derby, and it seems to us that he was quite right in so doing. We are far from implying that in this particular instance there may not have been insuperable difficulties in the way of training the colt, or that his owner may not have had very excellent reasons for never running him before; at the same time we cannot help expressing our satisfaction at observing that the official handicapper recognizes the prudence of the principle, that it is well to assume a horse to be first class until he has proved himself the contrary.

Among the early favourites was Lord Rodney's Humewood, a three-year-old, under 7 st. 1 lb., or 16 lbs. less than St. Leger form; but in the race he carried 7 st. 6 lbs. in order that Robinson might ride him. This colt had begun the season by running unplaced for the Royal Stakes at Epsom, and then he had won the Sandown Jubilee Handicap easily by three lengths under 5 st. 13 lbs., and the Corinthian Handicap at Goodwood, with even greater ease, under 8 st. 7 lbs. In the early part of the Doncaster Meeting he was backed at 12 to 1. When, however, the same owner's colt, Kilwarlin, won the St. Leger, after being left far behind at the start, Humewood rapidly rose to 6 to 1 for the Cesarewitch; "for," people argued, "if his stable back him when they have such a trial horse as Kilwarlin, he must indeed be well in at the weight." A few days later there was a rumour that it was not so certain that the stable did expect to win with him, and down he went to 12 to 1 again, and it was said that a bet was offered of 'an even thousand' against his starting. Shortly afterwards he went up again in the betting, and he started first favourite at 4½ to 1. Many excellent judges thought that Phil would have won the St. Leger if he had not been disappointed in the scrimmage near the distance, and he was now to run under 7 st. 8 lbs., or 9 lbs. less than the weight assigned to St. Leger winners. That was all very well, said his enemies; but why was it that he was always getting disappointed at critical moments? And why had he won no races this season?

Among the four-year-olds was Exmoor, a horse remarkable both for muscle and quality, that had been winning races this year over courses of all lengths, from six furlongs up to two miles, a fact which showed that he had both speed and stamina. He was to receive 4 lbs. from Carlton, and some people thought it doubtful whether he was not the best horse of the pair. He had been beaten by half a length for the Ascot Stakes, over two miles, by Mr. Hammond's Eurasian at 2 lbs., and now he was handicapped 3 lbs. below Eurasian. On public form alone it seemed a fine point between these two excellent performers. The Duke of Westminster's Savile had shown great gameness and staying power in winning the Goodwood Cup over two and a half miles, but he had appeared to want speed in shorter races. On the whole, he was not unfairly treated for the Cesarewitch at a stone below the regulation weight of a St. Leger winner.

The chance of Bendigo, the most heavily-weighted horse in the handicap, looked far from hopeless. A horse that could win the Eclipse Stakes of 10,000*l.* last year and the Kempton Jubilee Stakes of nearly 3,000*l.* this season could not fairly complain of having 9 st. 7 lbs. to carry, although no horse had won the Cesarewitch under such a weight. Yet his victories had not, as a rule, been won over long distances; and, when giving 2 lbs. to each, he had been beaten at Ascot this season both by Ormonde and Minting. There were, however, no Ormondes or Mintings entered for the Cesarewitch. Mr. Vyner's Stone Clink, the winner of last year's Cesarewitch, was now to carry 8 lbs. more weight than on the former occasion, and her form this season by no means showed that she was 8 lbs. better than she had been last year; moreover, it was generally believed that the class of the field for the Cesarewitch of 1887 was much better than that of 1886. There was at one time a sudden rush to back the colt by Umpire out of Lady Newman, a three-year-old handicapped at 6 st. He had won a couple of unimportant races in Ireland last year, and he had lost three. This season he had been unplaced for a trumpery handicap, for which he started at 10 to 1. And this colt, it was said, was going to win the Cesarewitch! On the 19th of September he stood at 40 to 1, but in a few days he rose to 11 to 1. Then he was backed at different prices until four days before the race, when he was scratched. A Cesarewitch would hardly be a Cesarewitch without this sort of thing happening. Althorp, a five-year-old under 7 st. 12 lbs. that had been purchased by "Mr. Abington" a few days before the race, would have been considered well in, on his best form; but it was so long since he had been known to be in that condition that the generality of backers fought rather shy of him. The winner of the Royal Hunt Cup at Ascot, "Mr. Manton's" Gay Hermit, a four-year-old under 8 st. 3 lbs., had never yet shown that he could stay over two miles and a quarter. He was trained by Taylor, and he started the best favourite from his stable. Rêve d'Or and Florentine were occasionally backed until the pair met on the first day of the Newmarket First October Meeting, when the easy

victory of the winner of the Oaks put Florentine out of court. If, as some people thought, the filly would have had a good chance for the St. Leger, she was not crushed out of the Cesarewitch at 7 st. 8 lbs. She, again, was at Taylor's. If she had been the single champion of any stable there can be little doubt that she would have been first favourite—one able sporting writer considered that she would have had a 3 to 1 chance; as it was she stood at 50 to 1 a week before the race, and she was scratched before it took place. The Cob, from the same stable, had run second for the Cesarewitch last year, but he was now to carry 13 lbs. more, in addition to weight for age.

Among the very light weights were Royal Rose, a four-year-old under 6 st. 4 lbs. that had lost every race for which he had run this year; Modiste, an aged mare, who had won two races this season, at 6 st. 1 lb.; Chippeway, who had been placed five times this year, and in decent company, too, at 5 st. 13 lbs.; and Winter Cherry, a four-year-old, and the winner of the Goodwood Stakes and Shrewsbury Cup of last year, only carrying 5 st. 12 lbs.—another of Taylor's, by the way.

The twenty-three competitors got away at the first attempt, and the Duke of Beaufort's Winter Cherry made the running. To the end of Choke Jade—that is to say, for nearly a mile and a quarter—the field kept pretty well together. When they came through the Gap and turned into the flat, Winter Cherry and four other lightly-weighted horses were in front, and Bendigo was bringing up the rear. At the Rowley Mile (or Two Thousand) starting-post The Baron had had enough of it. As they came on over the flat one horse gave way after another, and before reaching the Buses Hill Winter Cherry and Exmoor were beaten, the lead being left with Royal Rose, while Humewood, Bendigo, Carlton, Gay Hermit, Stone Clink, Savile, and Eurasian were in the front division. When they began the descent Royal Rose was beaten, and Humewood and Bendigo came away together, with Gay Hermit and Carlton in close attendance. Tom Cannon sat very still on Bendigo until nearing the Abingdon Bottom, when he called upon his horse, whose head was at Humewood's girths, to make his effort. But it was to no purpose; and, although there was a struggle between the pair as they came up the hill, and Robinson had to make Humewood do his best to gain the victory, the last-named horse won by a length and a half. Carlton was a bad third, and close to him were Gay Hermit (fourth) and Stone Clink (fifth).

The result of the Cesarewitch was very creditable to the heavily-weighted horses, for the second and third were each carrying more than 9 st., and the fourth and fifth more than 8 st. Bendigo was giving the winner 16 lbs. more than weight for age. At Ascot, Ormonde and Minting, when receiving 2 lbs. from Bendigo, had beaten him by three lengths over a mile and a half, so Bendigo's running in the Cesarewitch is greatly to the honour of those two horses. Humewood's sire, Londesborough, has awakened to find himself famous rather late in the day, as he is twenty years old, while Alabama, the dam of Humewood, was a year older still. On both sides, Humewood has good blood in his veins, and he has two strains of Whalebone, two of Bay Middleton, one of Emilius, and one of Blacklock within the fifth degree. It is rather curious that he formerly belonged to Cannon, who fought so hard against him in the race for the Cesarewitch. This jockey sold him to Lord Rodney, at Goodwood, for 2,000*l*. Humewood carried almost exactly the middle weight in the handicap. It was just a stone less than that carried by Robert the Devil when he won the Cesarewitch in 1880, and 18 lbs. less than the weight St. Gatien won under in 1884. Nevertheless, it was a very respectable burden for a three-year-old in such a handicap, and Humewood's victory was creditable, though not extraordinary.

POTATO DISEASE.

THE mysterious vegetable plague which ravages the tuber of the potato is once more attracting special attention, and this time in France. A well-known Danish writer on agricultural subjects, M. Jansen, has contributed to the 1887 volume of the *Memoirs of the Société Nationale d'Agriculture de France*, which is just published, an important monograph on practical methods to be taken in order to destroy the *peronospora* of the potato, and this paper has caused considerable discussion among the French authorities. It is now generally understood that this special malady of the potato is due to a fungoid parasite, which is developed in the interior of the plant, and which produces on the surface of the withering leaves certain reproductive bodies, which M. Jansen calls "conidées zoosporanges," and which we may less technically describe as spores. The first thing to be done to check the disease is to prevent these spores from falling upon the earth and being then dragged down by rains on to the tubers. The spores seem to have a natural attraction to the latter, and no sooner have they reached them than they germinate there with the greatest rapidity. M. Jansen has proved by many experiments that the lighter the ground is the more easily the disease spreads. He has therefore invented a plan by which, before the potato begins to flower, or a little later, but never while it is flowering, there is added to the usual layer of earth, which only just covers the higher tubers, a fresh bed of soil, which buries the tubers to the extent of at least four inches. He finds that this is sufficient to prevent the spores from penetrating, or at all events to allow only

a very small proportion indeed to sift through. M. Jansen has repeatedly tried this experiment on a large as well as a small scale, and has found it completely efficacious.

Another source of disease is the dropping of spores, during the time that the crop is being gathered in, from diseased tubers on to hitherto healthy plants. To prevent this the Danish agriculturist proposes that no potatoes should ever be dug up until a full fortnight after the foliage of the plant has dried up, since when that process is complete the spores that are not by that time vitalized have died. Their vitality, in fact, appears from his observations to be exceedingly volatile; he is of opinion that by the evening of a given day in dry weather the spores which made their appearance for the first time on the leaves that morning are already dead. But perhaps the most interesting and valuable of M. Jansen's discoveries is, that there is a certain heat at which the disease in the tubers themselves can be destroyed without the life of the potato being in any way injured. For this purpose it is sufficient to put those tubers already attacked by the *peronospora* for four hours in a temperature of 40 or 45 degrees centigrade. This is done by placing the potatoes in high, narrow buckets, suspended in water, the heat of which is never allowed to pass 55 degrees. A thermometer standing amongst the tubers enables the experimenter to regulate the heat. It might be supposed that this process, if it did not entirely destroy the life of the tuber itself, might a good deal disturb its equilibrium; but M. Jansen assures us that after repeated experiments he is able to assert that, not only is every trace of the potato-malady eradicated in diseased tubers by this treatment, but that the latter when planted grow at once in a normal manner and produce healthy potatoes.

At a recent meeting of the French *Société Nationale d'Horticulture*, the existence of a disease in the tomato was brought forward, and excited a good deal of discussion. The tomato has within the last ten years become so important an article of food that its cultivation can no longer be regarded as of small importance. There has been a tendency among gardeners to regard the tomato disease as something totally distinct from that of the potato, and to ground this opinion upon the argument that the tubers of the latter preserve the pest from year to year, while the former, as an annual, entirely disappears at the end of each season. The more closely, however, are the two maladies examined, the more certain does it seem that the same species of *peronospora* attacks each vegetable. It is none the less a very difficult question to answer how the spores contrive to retain their life and are passed on from the tomatoes of one season to those of the next. At present no spores have been recognized on the potato except those which, as we have said above, are so volatile as to lose their vitality in twelve hours' drought. It is not, however, by any means unknown to botanists that in some of these fungoid parasites there exist two distinct forms of reproduction, one needing rapid vitalization, the other prepared to remain alive for a long while in an undeveloped state. Now, although at present the existence of these dormant organisms, or "oospores," has not been proved in the case of the *peronospora* of the potato and tomato, there is no reason to doubt that it may yet be demonstrated, and this would completely explain the mode in which the disease of the tomato is preserved from year to year.

A French horticulturist, M. Maxime Cornu, has been drawing an analogy from the excellent results of the treatment of the vine with sulphur in the case of the *oidium*, and with salts of copper in that of mildew and black rot. He suggests that a similar process should be tried in dealing with the potato disease, by ascertaining through careful experiment what chemical substance is most poisonous to that particular parasite. In the meantime, the exact observations of M. Jansen have given agriculturists great encouragement in their efforts to free themselves from this alarming and distressing disease.

THE PEOPLE'S PALACE.

THOUGH the Palace has only been open for a few months, the energy of the Managing Committee has so far advanced the work of the various sections as to enable those who are interested in its success to form some idea as to how far the dream of its creator, the author of *All Sorts and Conditions of Men*, is likely to be realized. Accommodation for the numerous classes has been found in the old buildings of the Drapers' Company charity—the Bancroft almshouses—and in several temporary iron structures; while the attendance at these classes seems to be large, and in some cases, notably in the dressmaking department, rather larger than is desirable. Surely the shades of Ponocrates and Gargantua must have inspired those who drew up the list of subjects in which it is proposed that the youth of Whitechapel shall receive instruction.

Here we have practical trade classes, technical classes, science and art classes; nor are those desirous of entering the lower branches of the Civil Service or obtaining clerkships neglected. The fees charged for attendance are very low. For example, instruction in French may be obtained for the sum of five shillings a quarter, in the case of members for three-and-sixpence.

The members of the Palace already number about sixteen hundred and fifty, of whom, strange to say, only five per cent. are girls. They have certain privileges; the sole use of the Palace for four days in the week, the use of the gymnasium,

billiard-rooms, and swimming-baths at merely nominal fees. The annual subscription for young men is seven and sixpence, for young women five shillings, or they can become quarterly members on payment of two and sixpence and one and sixpence respectively.

While giving the trustees of the Beaumont Trust full credit for the efforts they are making to secure efficient technical training for the boys whose parents cannot afford to apprentice them to any trade, it is pleasanter to dwell on the possible results of the Library now in course of formation, and for the reception of which a magnificent octagonal room is being built in the rear of that unsatisfactory building—regarded from an architectural point of view—the Queen's Hall.

In collecting a library for the use of the people who, let us hope, may use the Palace, the Managing Committee seem to be more immediately furthering the object for which a "Palace of Delight" should exist than in setting a good example to the London School Board.

Those who are responsible for the plan of the Library that has been chosen are to be congratulated. One advantage of the octagonal form that immediately suggests itself is the facility it gives the attendants in detecting the depredations of the "Book Fiend," who, if he has not already appeared—for the volumes are at present housed in the Queen's Hall—may shortly be expected to infest this, in common with other libraries. When this person comes in the guise of the too ardent lover of "Books and Bookmen" it is almost impossible not to have some sympathy with him; but it is to be feared that the variety of the species who will hope to make a happy hunting-ground of the People's Palace Library will find a customer in the lower class of second-hand bookseller.

The Queen's Hall, as we have already stated, is now being used as a library and has been open for some ten days. It is interesting to learn the names of those authors whose works have been most eagerly asked for. Mr. Rider Haggard's stories, as might have been expected, come first, and the works of Hugh Conway and Mrs. Henry Wood are also in great demand.

Where, as is too often the case, the frequenters of the library do not know the names of any books, they select from the catalogue those with striking titles. That excellent story of Captain Marryat's, *The Dog Fiend*, a book called *The Rogue's Career*, and such like appear to excite the curiosity of this class of reader. It is certainly consoling to hear that, though a considerable number of those who have up to now shown a disposition to use the Palace belong to a very rough class, their behaviour has been good, and characterized rather by timidity than rowdiness.

To turn to the departments where the physical well-being of the inhabitants of the district is provided for, it would be impossible to praise too highly the arrangements that have been made for the instruction of both sexes in deportment and gymnastics. The gymnasium is large and well fitted, with a dressing-room attached to it, and has attracted a class numbering three hundred members. Boxing, and those too much neglected arts—fencing and single-stick—are taught to the male classes.

The cookery school should be productive of many good things and mitigate many evil things—wife-beating, for instance. The refreshment room, too, appears to be well managed, and some attempt has been made—not very successfully, however—to remove those unhappy characteristics of the station bar and confectioner's shop which always predominate in the eating-houses in this country. It seems a pity that a beer licence has not been obtained, particularly as the workmen are likely to resent this omission as a very evident attempt to elevate them. Even when these attempts take a less questionable shape, the well-known maxim which warns us against excessive zeal should be kept in mind.

Where so much is admirable and so many difficulties have been successfully overcome, it seems ungracious to find fault; but those responsible for the concerts cannot too soon be made to understand that they are at present wasting their energies, that the character of the entertainments, though they may be well enough in their way, are unsuitable to an audience of Whitechapel workmen; in point of fact, they are dull. Now it will be a great pity if these entertainments, which will be more instrumental in attracting the people to the Palace than any number of schools and classes, are conducted in a wrong direction at the outset. Those on whose shoulders the burden of amusing the people is to fall—and that it will be a very heavy burden may be readily admitted—must appreciate more thoroughly the character of the performances with which they will have to compete. To put it bluntly, they must enter into friendly rivalry with the organ-grinder, and into unfriendly rivalry with the proprietor of the music-hall and the public-house. They must seize on the attractive features in the programmes of these institutions, and, while ruthlessly removing all objectionable features, they must not exclude a tune because it is old, hackneyed, or associated in the popular mind with words that are vulgar, senseless, or worse. The entertainment should also be as varied as possible. People will not sit and listen to one song after another for several hours at a stretch. No one who has been to the music-halls can have failed to be struck with the immense popularity that dialogues, conducted by *comiques* disguised with burnt cork or by some other means, enjoy. It is true that to the more cultivated intelligence these performances appear almost painfully dull and senseless; but surely some of the best of the old-fashioned farces, if they were only tolerably acted, could compete successfully with this kind of entertainment.

The success of the Palace—for success in one form or another is

already assured—may not depend upon the spirit in which the amusements are undertaken and carried out; but if a more distinctively popular feeling be not speedily introduced into the entertainment, the classes for whom the Palace was originally intended will not be reached.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

THE winter series of concerts at the Crystal Palace, under Mr. Manns's direction, began last Saturday. The programme was headed by *Jugendträume*, a concert-overture in B flat by the young English composer Mr. G. J. Bennett. This is not the first time that Mr. Bennett has been heard at the Crystal Palace, and many will remember his *Serenade* in symphonic form, which received a fair share of notice and applause on the 12th of last March. If perhaps a little less naturally and tunelessly inspired than the *Serenade*, the new work, more ambitious in aim, shows a distinct advance in power and in knowledge of the science of music. The work, on the whole, is characterized by an agreeable absence of eccentricity or that straining after novelty which is so often inconsistent with the expression of the themes. Bold and energetic passages, however, are simply and effectively contrasted with softer music, and the overture closes with a finely worked-up climax of force. Mr. Bennett seems content to progress in his art quietly and on established lines—a course not without illustrious precedent, and yet one that it requires some courage to follow. To await the prompting of one's own inspiration before taking advantage of novelties in music leads, however, more surely to originality than the habit of adopting ready-made innovations of others. The symphony of the day was Schumann's No. 1, in B flat, that composed during the early days of his marriage. Contrary to what one might expect, and in spite of what many have tried to fancy they found in it, this Symphony shows little sign of any exuberant joy or deep feeling of happiness; probably because the composer was as yet too much occupied with difficulties of instrumentation, &c. to be able to give full expression to his thoughts. We have always found this work somewhat heavy; and that it should have appeared so in any degree on Saturday, when it was performed with exceptional brilliancy and verve, only confirms us in our previous opinion of the character of its orchestration. As to the themes, of course many of them are charming in idea; but in the first movement, for instance, there is little development of the powers of the instruments. The music appears set to an orchestra rather than originally written for one; and yet wonders were wrought by the performers in the way of giving point and shading to the reading. No playing could altogether remove the irritating effect of the slow movement which is developed and instrumented at cross purposes with the composer's evident intention of producing something tender and passionate. The "Scherzo," founded on a slight enough motif, becomes a sort of elephantine waltz owing to coarse treatment. Schumann makes up for a good deal, however, by the spirit and variety of his "Finale." It was played to admiration. The music was delivered with brightness and feeling throughout. The main subject came forth trippingly and with a charming vivacity; and the fortes were prompt and efficacious. There are few passages equal to that which enters by a phrase on the flute following sustained notes in the wind, and it is seldom played as it was on Saturday.

The great attraction of the afternoon lay in the first appearance of Master Josef Hofmann at these concerts. It would be difficult to overrate the wonder of his performance, coming as it does from an ordinary gay-looking schoolboy, neither unhealthily morbid nor precocious in appearance. One would expect at least some kind of automaton, the delicacy of whose works might enable him to be put through complex evolutions which he could not understand. On the contrary, the boy phrases with all the comprehension of a grown-up person. The music he dealt with was Beethoven's "C minor Concerto for Piano," and, although passages occurred demanding a depth of feeling of which he was hardly capable, one could see, from the way in which he took up points and shaded effects, that he was at least never intellectually at fault. When the music directly suggests motion he enters most evidently into the spirit of it; when, again, it expresses sentiment through more abstract connexions, he is apt to become, what many grown-up professionals always are, a little mechanical. Thus the popping in of the lively first subject of the "Rondo" received a gay and pointed rendering free from straining or unmeaning violence. Indeed, the ease and pleasure with which he plays counts for a great deal in the charm of his performance. He chose as solo pieces Mendelssohn's "Andante and Rondo Capriccioso," and two compositions of his own. He played the "Andante" with elegance rather than with fervid sentiment, and the "Rondo" with admirable lightness and activity. One wonders less at his playing, and one altogether refuses to regard him as an ordinary Infant Prodigy, after hearing his own compositions. He cannot but be considered as a real musical genius. His "Berceuse" in C showed a certain quaintness and originality in the cut of its melody and the "Valse" was decidedly pretty. Tremendous applause greeted these pieces, and the young musician was obliged to give Gottschalk's *chanson nègre*, "Le Bananier," by way of an encore. Mlle. Elvira Gambogi also made a first appearance here and met with a cordial reception. She gave Pacini's cavatina,

"Il soave e bel contento," from *Niobe*; Scarlatti's "O cessate," and Godard's "Chanson de Florian." Mlle. Gambogi requires more practice and more method, but she sang with sentiment, especially in "O cessate."

The concert ended with Berlioz's "Danse des Sylphes," "Menuet des Follets," and "Marche Hongroise" from *La Damnation de Faust*. The propriety and naturalness of these picturesque effects of orchestral colouring are as wonderful as their originality. The performance was in every respect excellent. Portions of the "Danse des Sylphes," however, were almost inaudible; in the second piece that wonderful explosion leaving a twitter floating behind it somewhat failed of its due effect, and the "Rákocsy" March was taken more slowly than usual. This may suit certain parts, but near the end it is customary to increase the pace more than Mr. Manns thought fit. The concert promised well for the season. Mr. Manns conducted with his usual brilliancy, and the orchestra seemed to play with more point and vigour than ever.

THE VERESTCHAGIN EXHIBITION.

MR. BASIL VERESTCHAGIN has been called "painter, soldier, and traveller," and with some justice, for he is a good deal of all three. It is necessary, however, to consider of him as a painter seriously and somewhat grudgingly, for his present exhibition at the Grosvenor Gallery is of such captivating interest that he will not improbably be set up for worship here after the rites of the cult of Gustave Doré. Somebody will find out that we must "go back to Michael Angelo" to see anything approaching his art, whereas it is only necessary to step across the Channel and visit the Salon. Indeed, we have heard that Mr. Verestchagin has been considered the painter of Nihilism or Socialism because he has introduced more common soldiers than generals into his war-pieces. This sort of thing is a dodge of people hard up for something to say. Anything can be inferred by those who thus catch at every vague affinity of the words which may be used in describing a picture. Mr. Sargent in his Chantrey-bequest picture has put the lilies above the roses; may he then be said to avow his preference of the "languors of virtue" to the "raptures of vice"? May river painters be enlisted in the cause of water-drinking, Mr. Parton quoted in favour of the birch rod, and Mr. Stanhope Forbes made to preach the propriety of acting on the square? Mr. Verestchagin belongs in a way to the modern school of sensational realists. He chooses his subjects from amongst out-of-the-way phases and startling incidents of life. By pure sensationalism we mean the effort to provide new and exciting subject matter without any preoccupation about the artistic effect. A sensational book is one read for its surprises, and never opened when its novelty has become familiar. This is very different from the sensationalism of startling effects of style. To take the example of a picture, Millet's "Bûcherons," in the Ionides collection, is simple and quiet enough in subject matter or pretext.

Mr. Verestchagin's subjects are taken from sensational episodes in a life of a new and thrilling kind. He combines the knowledge of a traveller, a war correspondent, a soldier, and a naval officer, and besides this, he is a man of exceptional energy, and a thoroughly-trained painter. Mr. Verestchagin has found an instrument ready made to his hand in the scientifically-established methods of the French schools of painting, and he has used it with courage and intelligence, but with a certain lack of poetic sympathy and fine taste. Such a number of gigantic illustrations of curious scenes as he has exhibited here end by impressing the beholder and suggesting a definite key of feeling. Few of his canvases, however, if seen alone in the Salon would command more than ordinary attention. Looking calmly about among his smaller and less sensational canvases in the fifth room, and on the partition wall between the two large galleries, the visitor begins to feel a want of delicacy in the artist's perception of the relations of colour and masses of light as well as a somewhat mechanical and unsympathetic use of the brush. His small heads, too, are mostly hard and wooden compared with really fine portrait-painting, though of course they have their value as illustrations of uncommon types of character. "Blowing from guns in British India" (94 g) is one of the most characteristic of his large realistic war pieces. Here is a fine, broad, well-studied representation of sand, hot atmosphere, gun-metal, uniforms, &c., with the addition of a sensational element in the poor devils tied to the guns. In general aspect and in the style of its treatment the work shows no signs of feeling or emotion, no traces of a tragic element. Remove the victims, and it would resemble an illustrated journal's report of autumn manoeuvres done on a huge scale in a Franco-American manner of painting. The excitement it produces is purely one of curiosity. One turns away saying, "So it must have happened, just so; well, then, I know all about it, and good-bye." Given such a start in material facts to build on, what would not Delacroix have made one feel, or Regnault, or any one with a truly pictorial imagination? Doré had imagination, where this man has only a vast sensational experience; but then he drew and painted ever so much worse than Mr. Verestchagin. When he tackles a picture of sentiment, and not an illustration; when, in fact, he engages himself to employ his untrammelled imagination and all the artistic resources of free composition, style, colour, and handling, the Russian painter appears at his very worst. Such a picture is the vast upright "The Forgotten Soldier" (71 e).

A meanly-dotted shrubbery, stuffed birds, a brassy sky, iron leaves, a smally-conceived and trivial environment in fact, surround a figure, ghastly in an unpleasant rather than in a touching manner.

Hitherto we have endeavoured to put Mr. Verestchagin's talent in the worst possible light, so that we have won the right to say something good of him. One feels it a duty to insist that he is not an artist in a very high or very special sense of the word, because one is conscious of being only too ready to abandon oneself with enthusiasm to his horrible and irresistible fascinations. It is all very well to say in cold blood that such a picture as "After the Battle" (81) is more like a newspaper illustration than a grand figure composition; but one does not maintain that judicial calm very long when standing before it. A disorder of tumbled figures meets the eye, a host of clamouring and terrible incidents, an ocean of ghastly miseries, and yet there is no confusion. No one horror arrests the eye with too painful an insistence, no impertinent definition of figures, wounds, uniforms, or shining arms breaks your perception of the steady, tranquil morning light which bathes the whole indescribable scene. After this picture come others not unworthy to stand beside it. Such are "The Spy" (84), "Before the Attack" (79), and "Skobeleff at Shipka" (75). If we wish to look at Mr. Verestchagin as a realistic painter, apart from the extraordinary glamour of these scenes, we shall judge of him best by his treatment of snow in "Hanging in Russia" (94 A) and in "The Road of the War Prisoners" (86), by his ordinance of large pageants in "The Future Emperor of India" (52), and in "Crucifixion by the Romans" (94 f), and by the landscape qualities of his view of "The Kremlin" (93).

SACCHARINE

CHEMISTS seem to be persons who most thoroughly appreciate Lord Palmerston's domestic philosophy that "dirt is only matter in the wrong place." A few years ago gas-tar was considered the very essence of dirt, and was daubed on the walls and palings of gardens and orchards to prevent mischievous boys climbing over them, on the stems of trees to keep cattle off them, and was poured down sinks and drains to poison rats or drive them away in disgust. But of late the chemists, who have always been the real magicians, have converted this evil-smelling, sticky *débris* of the manufacture of coal-gas into almost innumerable wonderful and exquisite colours, perfumes, condiments, and drugs, which not only counterfeit, but often outrival, the choicest products of nature. Some of the condiments and medicines are among the greatest surprises of the present moment, and much interest has been excited in the minds of many persons by the reference to one of them, known by the name of saccharine, by Sir Henry Roscoe in his recent Presidential Address to the British Association at Manchester. Saccharine is not a mere chemical curiosity, but is an article of commerce, though at present it is a somewhat expensive one, but it will no doubt soon become cheap and plentiful if a large demand arises for it. Saccharine is a white crystalline powder, very like finely-powdered sugar, and possesses three hundred times the sweetening power of cane-sugar. It is not a food like sugar nor a drug like glycerine, but a simple sweetening condiment, which passes through the human system unchanged, and without, as far as has yet been ascertained, producing any sensations except that of sweetness to the palate, and without evil consequences of any description whatever, even when given in daily doses which are equivalent in sweetening power to three pounds of cane-sugar. The scientific name of this curious substance is benzoyl sulphonic imide; and, in addition to its flavouring qualities, antiseptic properties are claimed for it, so that it has no chemical affinities to the sugars or carbohydrates, and cannot be broken up by the organisms which produce fermentation; hence the possibilities of its use for various domestic purposes cannot well be exaggerated. It will also become a valuable adjunct to the druggist in the preparation of some medicines, and to the nurse in the preparation of foods for the sick; while it will be an important adjunct to the physician in the treatment of obesity and diabetes.

It is not very obvious how the taste for sweetness has been developed in us; but it is a common possession of all branches of the human family and of each individual at all ages, although, as we all know, it is most marked at the beginning and close of our lives. The taste for sweet things is born with us; but that for bitter things such as marmalade and bitter beer, for sapid things like roast pork and onions, and for stimulants like alcohol, pepper, and mustard, is an acquired taste. The taste for sweetness is doubtless due to selection by the appetite and the need of the body for carbonaceous food, and is to be traced to some of the ancestors of our race which were chiefly, if not entirely, fruit-eaters, as many tropical races are at the present day; and it may be considered, therefore, only a modification of the common cravings of hunger and thirst. The sugar of fruits is, however, in a state for immediate assimilation; but cane-sugar, which has so largely superseded fruit-sugar in our diet on account of its greater sweetness, has to undergo preparatory changes in the system before it can be assimilated, and the imperfection or failure of these changes constitutes a series of diseases, such as indigestion, acidity, gout, and rheumatism, which are among the chief ills that human flesh is heir to. It is only medical men who are familiar with this class of ailments who can fully appreciate the advantages which are likely to result from the discovery of a com-

diment which shall satisfy the natural craving for sweetness without the evil results which have hitherto attended its gratification by cane-sugar.

This new coal-tar product, saccharine, unfortunately for those who spend their time in seeking out new and "intense" sensations, and who may be eagerly looking forward to the pleasure of multiplying their taste for sweets three-hundredfold, is only slightly soluble in water, and when tasted in the pure state is so potent as to deaden the sensibility of the tongue by its intensity, as bright light temporarily deadens the sensibility of the optic nerve, so that it does not at present promise to add much to the joys of childhood, English schoolgirls, or of American young ladies. In this respect it resembles vanillin, another recently-discovered derivative of coal-tar, which in a well diluted state is superseding the natural vanilla as a flavouring material, but which at first was nearly stranded by being used in a too concentrated form. Saccharine is, however, soluble in dilute solutions of carbonate of soda, and it has been made into lozenges with this substance, which allows of its being used for many domestic purposes, such as sweetening tea (one grain of saccharine being sufficient for a cup of tea), and of being carried in the kit of soldiers and travellers as a highly concentrated substitute for sugar. It is also soluble in alcohol and glycerine, and in this shape it will be highly acceptable to medical men, and possibly to the manufacturers of wines—artificial wines we mean, of the gooseberry-champagne description. The teetotaler will hail the substance with delight when he learns that it cannot be converted by fermentation into poisonous liquors; and the housewife will see in it infinite possibilities of usefulness and economy in its powers to preserve as well as sweeten jams, "sweets," and confectionary, and, not the least of its advantages, the ease with which it can be kept under lock and key, and the small space it will occupy in the store-room. It is obvious that the applications of this new kind of condiment are almost infinite, and we fear the reports we receive of it are almost too good to prove true. Still, when we remember that chloroform was for some time after its discovery a mere chemical curiosity, and that glycerine was for a long while a comparatively worthless product of the manufacture of candles, and the valuable service they have rendered to mankind, we may reasonably look for some at least of the advantages claimed by chemists for their new bantling, saccharine.

THE BOARD OF TRADE RETURNS.

THE Board of Trade Returns for last month and for the first nine months of the current year are fairly satisfactory, though they are not without some doubtful and even disappointing features. The most favourable fact is that the value of the exports of British and Irish produce and manufactures was as much as 19,833,830*l.* for the month, an increase over that of September of last year of 904,855*l.*, or about 4½ per cent. For the nine months the increase amounted to 3,583,444*l.*, or about 2½ per cent. It will be seen that the increase for September was proportionately nearly twice as great as that for the nine months. In itself this is an important and encouraging fact; but it is to be borne in mind that two months this year, April and June, showed decreases, that in June being as much as 6½ per cent., and that these decreases brought down the aggregate for the year. Further, it is to be noted that the increase in September was not the largest of any month in the nine; it was, however, the second largest. The characteristic of the returns of exports since New Year's Day has been a good deal of fluctuation. There has not been a steady and continuous increase; but the year began with a decided improvement, then there was a check; in the second quarter it seemed as if there was an actual falling off, and then again there was a marked improvement. This latter is an encouraging feature. In the second quarter of the year there were decreases both in April and in June compared with the corresponding months of last year, whereas every one of the three months of the third quarter shows a considerable increase over the corresponding months of last year; yet the increase in August was proportionately larger than that in September. Turning to the details we find that every one of the sub-heads, except articles of food and drink and yarns and textile fabrics, show increases. The largest increase is in metals and articles manufactured therefrom. The augmentation here amounts to as much as 704,339*l.*, or over 27½ per cent. The most material increase is in the exports to the United States. The iron and steel exports thither, which in September last year were of the value of 386,928*l.*, were last month of the value of 701,292*l.* Thus the value of these exports was almost doubled. The largest increase is in steel rails. A large development of our trade with the United States was to have been expected. Indeed, one of the principal reasons which led careful observers in this country to look for a decided improvement in trade at the end of 1885 was the revival that had set in in the United States. There were, of course, other and very substantial reasons; but the fact that revival had set in there was an indication that the forces working towards improvement had prevailed at the other side of the Atlantic. Moreover, it was reasonably assumed that as the American people became more prosperous they would buy more largely of our goods, and, consequently, give a stimulus to our trade. A marked increase in the exports of British and Irish produce and manufactures to the United States

is, therefore, in accordance with what was expected by careful observers, and in itself it is a favourable symptom. But the increase has not been so great as was anticipated, and there are symptoms now that we may apprehend a falling off in American purchases. The revival in the United States was accompanied by a great extension of railway building, more particularly in the West and South-West, and especially in almost unsettled territory. This extension of railway construction led to large purchases of iron and steel rails, and it was hoped that the purchases in this country would be larger than they have proved to be. It turns out that the American capacity for rail manufacture is larger than was supposed, and is almost equal to supplying the whole home demand both for new railways and for repairs. At first the building Companies had no difficulty in selling their bonds on very favourable terms, and they were thus able to construct a very large mileage last year and this year; but the recent stringency in the money market has made it difficult to sell bonds or to raise money upon them, and the result is that a very decided check to railway construction is now reported. We must look, therefore, for a falling off in the immediate future in the American purchases of iron and steel. And, if the result of the check to railway construction is a check to the general trade of the country, we may apprehend then a decrease in American purchases generally. That will depend, however, to a very large extent upon the measures taken in the approaching Session of Congress. The present check to railway construction may prove to be very temporary, and there may be even a more active construction next year, and the purchase of iron and steel here may exceed what we have seen this year or last year.

The imports are far less satisfactory than the exports. The value for the month was 27,191,594*l.*, a decrease compared with September of last year of 1,706,911*l.*, or nearly 6 per cent. For the nine months, however, there is still an increase of 7,934,461*l.*, or about 3 per cent. The decrease in the imports is very general, it being found, in fact, under every head except metals and oils. It is largest in articles of food and drink, and it is considerable also in raw materials for both textile and other manufactures. The falling off in articles of food and drink, to some extent at all events, is not an unfavourable sign. Owing to the hot summer the wheat harvest has been a good one. It is not surprising, therefore, to find a smaller import in the first month of a new agricultural year than in September of last year. Besides, it is to be noted that the imports in September of last year were very large, and, further, during the nine months of this year the imports have considerably exceeded those of the first nine months of last year. In other words, the imports from January to August inclusive largely exceed those of the corresponding period of last year; and owing to that fact, as well as to the good harvest, a less supply was required in September. Possibly, also, the falling off is due to inability on the part of Russia and India to send as large supplies as they did last year. From the United States our supplies have been much larger, and those from the other sources of supply have been well maintained; but there is a very great falling off in the imports from Russia, and a considerable falling off in those from India. From Russia the imports have been small all through the year. They amount for the nine months to only 2,124,849 cwt., against 3,038,369 cwt. in the corresponding period of last year; while in the first nine months of 1885 they amounted to as much as 8,287,076 cwt. Evidently from these figures it appears that Russia is not able to maintain the competition with her newer and more intelligent competitors. When the United States are favoured with good harvests they are able to beat altogether their Russian competitors, and even India has left Russia now far behind. The Russian harvests, too, have for some years past been deficient, and there are grave complaints amongst the mercantile community of Odessa that certain members of their body have been guilty of such grave abuses in the wheat trade that they have brought disrepute upon Russian wheat, and that it is no longer in the demand that it formerly was in the markets of the world. In fact, it would appear that, partly owing to the difficulties of the growers, partly to the malpractices of the merchants, and partly to the superior advantages of North and South America, India, and Australia, Russia is losing ground, not only in the wheat market of this country, but in the wheat markets of all Europe. While the falling off in the imports of wheat, however, is rather a favourable than an unfavourable sign, it is to be noted that there is generally a falling off in the imports of cereals, and there is a very considerable falling off in the imports of tea. For the month the tea imports amounted to 24,610,393 lbs., against 27,737,751 in September of last year. It is, however, in the imports of China tea only that there is a decrease; the imports from India have considerably increased, and it is remarkable that, while the imports during September have fallen off, the quantity taken out of bond for home consumption has increased very considerably. The decrease in this article, therefore, is no evidence of declining purchasing power on the part of the community generally. But what is unquestionably an unfavourable sign is the very considerable decrease in the imports of raw materials, both for textile manufactures and for sundry industries and manufactures. In the textile trades the falling off is chiefly in raw wool, the quantity imported last month but slightly exceeding 20 million lbs., while nearly 36 million lbs. were imported in September of last year. Last year, it will be recollected, there was a marked improvement in the wool trade, accompanied by a very decided rise in the price of

the raw material. It remains to be seen whether this falling off in raw materials is due only to temporary causes. While the exports are improving it is difficult to understand why manufacturers should diminish their purchases of the raw materials of their trades. One would expect, on the contrary, larger purchases. If, however, they continue to lessen the supplies they lay in, it must be because they do not look so favourably upon the future as has hitherto been supposed; and the prospects be ours would, therefore, not be quite so bright as all the signs have pointed to recently.

Regarding the future we are still hopeful, but undoubtedly there are some serious dangers to be overcome. Apparently the effect of the war scare at the beginning of the year has now passed away, and our export trade is unquestionably improving; but in the present condition of the Continent a new scare may arise at any moment, and may have even a more depressing effect than the scare of January last. Even if the new Triple Alliance should assure the peace of the Continent for some time, there is danger that the financial difficulty in the United States may cause trouble. It is reasonable to assume that so practical a people as the American will apply a remedy to what is a purely artificial difficulty, and consequently that Congress in the Session which will begin early in December will adopt some measure that will restore ease to the money market. But it is possible that before the remedy is applied there may be a serious crisis in New York. If so, the American trade might be disorganized, and a crisis in New York would undoubtedly have a depressing influence in Europe. Even already, as observed above, the money difficulty has compelled the railway Companies to slacken the rate at which they have been constructing new railways, and has obliged some to suspend operations altogether. The decrease of railway building must necessarily affect the iron and coal trades, and we may consequently see a diminution in the rate of improvement in the United States. This may cause a falling off in the transactions between this country and America. On the other hand, if Congress legislates wisely and promptly, a crisis may be avoided; ease may be restored to the money market, and next year may be even more prosperous than the present year. Assuming that peace is maintained in Europe, that no war scare occurs, and that the money difficulty in the United States is removed without a serious crisis, we may reasonably look forward to a continuance of the trade improvement. All prices are now exceedingly low. Yet wages have not fallen in the same proportion, and consequently the working classes are fairly prosperous. At the same time so many economies in production have been introduced that the cost of production is believed now to have been adjusted to the new scale of prices. Consequently, there is a fair margin between the cost of production and the sale price for profits for manufacturers, and, if this is so, our trade is once more being conducted upon a profitable basis, and may be expected to expand accordingly.

A GAIETY BURLESQUE.

GAIETY burlesque is at the present time a form of theatrical entertainment distinct and recognizable, but certainly not easily definable. Its chief characteristic has been said to consist in the fact that it burlesques nothing, and there is much to be urged in favour of the definition. We know at least what burlesque ought to be, or it should rather be said what burlesque is, for the circumstance of its being temporarily absent from the stage does not alter its nature. Burlesque is the humorous exaggeration of peculiarities, the extravagant representation of sentiment and emotion. Thus, to take an example which occurs at the moment, MM. Meilhac and Halévy's *Général Boum* in *La Grande Duchesse* is a genuine burlesque figure. His assumed eagerness for the fray is divertingly shown; he refreshes his nostrils with the smoke from his pistol in lieu of snuff; his mock reverence for the *panache* is in the real spirit of burlesque. To come nearer home, the sailor in Mr. Gilbert's *Ruddigore*, with his bluster in the guise of modesty, is a burlesque creation of the truest type; and there is, of course, most admirable burlesque in *The Critic*, though much of this is based on the stupidity of actors who strive to interpret characters and not on the eccentricity of the characters themselves; and here, moreover, is an example of what burlesque ought not to be, for the extravagance of the performers defeats its object and obscures the humour of the author's intention. Of burlesque proper there is absolutely none in *Miss Esmeralda*, as it has pleased the authors of the new Gaiety piece to name their work; though what hidden humour may be supposed to lurk in the prefix "Miss" to the heroine's name we fail to perceive. The story does not lend itself in the least to burlesque treatment. A character less suitable for burlesque than that of Claude Frollo could scarcely be found in the whole range of dramatic literature. Frollo is a terrible study of the influence of human passions over the mind of a priest, who is induced not only to forget his sacred vows, but also to commit the deadliest sins and most inhuman cruelties. There is absolutely no scope for burlesque in such a story as that of *Notre Dame*; but this has not the faintest effect towards deterring the authors of a Gaiety piece from taking it in hand, because plot is of no importance; the speaking of witty or humorous verse—supposing the authors could supply it, of which there does not appear any very strong evidence—would be regarded as a ridiculous waste of

time which delayed the entrance of characters in brilliant costumes, the dancing of airily attired gipsies, or the delivery of inapposite comic songs. The dresses are pretty enough, making up in brilliance for what they lack in taste, if such compensation be possible; the songs are fairly tuneful, and the dances are certainly performed with agility. If we find *Miss Esmeralda* dull, it is doubtless because we lack the peculiar appreciation which makes Gaiety burlesque so charming to its admirers. We cannot see the fun of making Claude Frollo and Quasimodo box each other's ears, or of Frollo's sudden declaration that he is an Irishman, and his consequent delivery of a comic song. Any subtle point which may be concealed in the transformation of Gringore into a corporal, and in his description in the programme as "a gallant son of Mars," completely escapes us. American players have come to this country and enlightened audiences as to the nature of what are called "variety entertainments," and *Miss Esmeralda* is a variety entertainment, neither more nor less. The thing is very well in its way. Frollo's best song is given with spirit by Mr. Lonnen, Miss Marion Hood sings and dances agreeably as *Esmeralda*—"Miss Esmeralda," if the authors have any special reason for insisting on it—and Miss Letty Lind follows in the footsteps of the graceful Miss Kate Vaughan. But Victor Hugo's characters need not have been dragged in and so remorselessly vulgarized. We are doubtless in a minority, for on the evening of our visit the piece was received with every manifestation of pleasure. There is plenty of electric light; soldiers in light blue and silver armour, dancers in crimson, songs and choruses disguise the weakness of the structure. The manager is doubtless wise in his generation. He knows what pleases his patrons and is able to supply it; and, after all, the article is harmless.

The burlesque is preceded by a very remarkable performance of the two-act piece, *Woodcock's Little Game*, remarkable for the reason that the average feebleness of the amateur stage is far surpassed in this presentation of the play, and that the characters seem to be incompetent in proportion to the importance of the duties allotted to them. Mr. Weedon Grossmith essays the part of Woodcock with unhappy results. Except that he has been able to commit the words to memory, Mr. Weedon Grossmith seems to have little qualification for the task he has rashly undertaken.

QUACK MEDICINES.

III.

CLARKE'S WORLD-FAMED BLOOD MIXTURE.

THE Americans appear to suffer even more than we do from the pestilential supply of quack remedies. As has been pointed out, in a country where dyspepsia and the long train of obscure disorders attendant thereon prevail to such a formidable extent as in the United States, it is scarcely surprising that quacks should thrive. A dyspeptic is generally ready enough to believe that his disease is mortal, and that none but the most heroic remedies and most radical treatment can be of any avail in staving off the grim tyrant. Mr. Dent, who has taken up the subject, tells us that a great variety of causes contribute to make the Americans particularly susceptible to dyspepsia—"The restless, feverish habits of life; the continual, never-ceasing exertions to acquire the almighty dollar; the preference for pastry and unwholesome confections; and the stimulating atmosphere which is almost universally prevalent on the other side of the Atlantic," and we might add the habitual drinking of iced-water. Under these conditions we need scarcely wonder at the enormous sale of patent medicines in the United States. With reference to the ingenuity displayed by advertising quacks in America, Mr. Dent gives us the following specimen, which, he tells us, is far from being exaggerated.

"Let us take," he says, "the words, 'A TERRIBLE RAILWAY ACCIDENT—5,000 LIVES LOST,' as the starting point, and see what we can make of it."

A TERRIBLE

increase is observable of late years in the disease known as *softening of the brain*. The opinion generally received among scientific medical men is that this increase is attributable to the great amount of travel by

RAILWAY

Dr. Hippocrates Knutt has for many years devoted his attention exclusively to diseases having their origin in a derangement of the nervous system, and has at length succeeded in discovering a never-failing cure for all such disorders. This happy discovery he does not profess to have hit upon by mere

ACCIDENT!!!

but by means of repeated chemical experiments and a long and careful study of that complex piece of machinery the human frame. The result of his investigations is a belief that in the course of every year there are more than

5,000 LIVES LOST!!!

in this country alone through the ignorance and stupidity of inexperienced medical practitioners. The name of this truly marvellous concoction is Knutt's Compound Preparation of Hypophosphites, &c., &c."

Another plan that appears to be widely followed is to announce that the advertiser will pay

\$1,000 REWARD!!

for any case of catarrh which he fails to cure; and this, as Mr. Dent observes, is a perfectly safe offer, bearing in mind that no time is limited by the advertiser of the nostrum within which the cure is to be effected.

Among the nostrums that have achieved commercially the greatest success on this side of the Atlantic may certainly be reckoned Clarke's Blood Mixture. There is a good deal in a taking name, especially from the point of view of the vendor of a patent medicine, and the extremely vague expression "blood-disease," for which we are indebted to the humoral pathologists, was some sort of warranty to the proprietor for his sufficiently plausible title "Blood Mixture." The title in question is an exceedingly valuable one, and has often been infringed and pirated. A "Blood Renovator" and a "Purifying Mixture" and various other compounds have been sold by puny imitators bearing the name of Clarke. In these cases, however, the solicitor to the Trade-Mark Protection Society came to the rescue of the proprietor, and in every case the pirate was defeated.

The little book which accompanies each bottle tells us that the mixture cleanses and clears the blood from all impurities, and that for scrofula, scurvy, skin and blood diseases, together with sores of all kinds, it is a never-failing and permanent cure. We are also informed that the Blood Mixture is pleasant to the taste, and warranted free from anything injurious to the most delicate constitution of either sex. We are told that "the blood being the source from which our systems are built up, and from which we derive our mental as well as physical capabilities, it is important that it should be kept pure! If it contains vile, festering poisons all organic functions are weakened thereby, and settling upon important organs, such as the lungs, liver, or kidneys, the effect is most disastrous. Hence it behoves every one to keep their blood in a perfectly healthy condition, and more especially at the spring and fall of the year. No matter what the symptoms may be, the real cause of a large proportion of all diseases is bad blood."

"Cleanse the vitiated blood whenever you find its impurities bursting through the skin; cleanse it when you find it obstructed and sluggish in the veins; cleanse it when it is foul, and your feelings will tell you when" (for "cleanse" read "take the blood-mixture"). Then follow a shower of testimonials, which prove, at all events, that faith is not quite dead in this world. "After taking three 11s. bottles"; "I had seventeen bottles"; "I took nine 11s. bottles," the sufferers write. It is a curious fact that they all buy 11s. bottles, they all persevere, and they all get well. But we do not hear much about the patients who do not get well, or about those who become ill. As for those who become well, it is within the range of probability that the dietary "to be observed whilst taking Clarke's World-famed Blood Mixture" has something to do with it.

"The patient must abstain from pastry, vinegar, and all other acids, spirituous liquors, and highly-seasoned dishes. Vegetables of all kinds may be taken freely; ham, bacon, and salt food and soups once a day, and fresh meat twice. In all ordinary cases one or two glasses of bitter beer may be taken during the day, but in inflammatory cases beer and wine must not be taken."

And a very sensible dietary it is. It is wisely insisted upon the label which the bottle bears, and is thus constantly impressed upon the patient's mind. A man may be sufficiently adventurous to purchase an 11s. bottle and take its contents, but he is hardly likely to disregard the wholesome advice that is being continually thrust in front of him.

The active ingredients in Clarke's Blood Mixture are tincture of bark and iodide of potassium—two valuable and familiar remedies. There are sixteen doses in a 2s. 9d. bottle, and the amount of iodide of potassium in each dose is large. Of course the action of the tincture of bark is purely benignant, but what is the result of continuous doses of iodide of potassium? Let us quote from the article *Iodism*, in Quain's *Dictionary of Medicine*, some of the results produced by the continuous administration of the drug. It is only just to say that certain constitutions and cases can stand an immense quantity of it.

"1. *On the Nervous System.*—Mental depression and diminution of muscular energy are not infrequently noted in persons taking iodide of potassium.

"2. *On Mucous Membranes.*—Much mucous irritation is occasionally observed; conjunctivitis, lachrymation, sneezing, and running from the nose, frontal headache and puffiness of the eyelids, closely simulating coryza, being the most common symptoms of iodism, and sometimes following a single small or moderate dose.

"3. *On the Skin.*—The eruption produced by iodide of potassium has recently attracted much attention. A papular and pustular eruption, resembling acne, and occasionally appearing in so great profusion as to excite the suspicion of small-pox, is not very uncommon.

"4. *On the Nutritive and Glandular Systems.*—Patients taking iodide of potassium sometimes complain of nausea, anorexia, and a bitter taste in the mouth; but, where cachectic symptoms supervene, indicated by rapid emaciation, nervous palpitation, insomnia, and hypochondriasis, a ravenous desire for food has been observed."

From this quotation it will be seen that Clarke's Blood Mixture is an example of a nostrum containing a powerful drug which

should never be administered unless by the advice of an expert, and the reckless self-administration of which is calculated to produce the most dangerous results. Iodide of potassium is not the compound with which a wise man would trifle, or try experiments on himself.

NORWICH MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

THE musical world is indebted to the city of Norwich for many noteworthy productions since the creation of its triennial Festival in 1824, among which the most notable have been Mozart's *Redemption*, founded upon the *Requiem*; Spohr's *Calvary* and *Fall of Babylon*, Buxtehude's *Israel Restored*, Pierson's *Jerusalem*, Molique's *Abraham*, Benedict's *Undine*, Richard Cœur de Lion, and St. Cecilia; Cowen's *St. Ursula*, Barnett's *Harvest Festival*, Thomas's *Sun Worshippers*, and, finally, in the programme of 1884 we find Mackenzie's *Rose of Sharon* and Stanford's *Elegiac Ode*. It has now become, it would seem, a tradition of the Festival to give at least one novelty per season; and this year, independently of famous works never heard in Norwich, the Festival has been enriched by the production of two noteworthy oratorios by the Italian composers Signori Bottesini and Mancinelli. Although the time has gone by when the greatest singers of the age sang at the Norwich Festival, the company this year included names of high rank, such as Mme. Albani and Messrs. Santley, Lloyd, and Barton McGuckin. To these may be added one or two singers whose fame in oratorio will probably date from this occasion, such, for instance, as Miss Lena Little and Miss Liza Lehmann. Miss Annie Marriott and that excellent contralto Miss Hilda Wilson are already popular at the various Festivals, and Mr. Harrington Foote is not exactly a novice in the branch of art in which he is likely to succeed. Mr. Charles Wade, Mr. J. H. Brockbank, and Mr. Alec Marsh are less known, but each of them has done noteworthy work during three days of the Festival. The conductor was Mr. Alberto Randegger, and the band and chorus consisted of three hundred and fifty performers. With such an excellent, but not phenomenal, company failure was impossible. It is not necessary for us to review the performances of such well-known works as Cherubini's Fourth Mass, Sullivan's *Golden Legend*, *The Messiah*, and even Dvorák's magnificent *Stabat Mater*, which latter work, by the way, received an exceptionally fine interpretation. The first of the two Italian oratorios, *The Garden of Olives*, by Signor Bottesini, was given in St. Andrews Hall last Wednesday morning. The libretto is by Mr. Joseph Bennett, and the subject, as the title indicates, is the "Agony in the Garden of Olives." Although by no means a great work, this oratorio is one which commands respect. It is harmonious, and the melodies introduced graceful and flowing, albeit not one of them is strikingly original. Signor Bottesini evidently starts out with the intention of proving himself a disciple of a new Italian school, that school which is the result of the combined influence of Wagner and Verdi, since his conversion, and the consequent production of *Aida* and *Otello*. Unfortunately, his temperament soon leads him back to thoroughly old-fashioned Italian ways, and his graceful and interesting oratorios resemble a number of those religious productions which, unknown in England, are very familiar to those who have attended the performances which are given in Lent at the Chiesa Nuova in Rome, where, by the way, St. Philip Neri instituted this particular form of what might be termed sacred amusement (hence its name oratorio) in the sixteenth century, in order to attract from diversions of a questionable character the young men whom the Oratorian brethren had undertaken to instruct. It is altogether a mistake to imagine that sacred music has been as completely abandoned in Italy as some seem to think. On the contrary, even within the past ten years Rome has seen some excellent oratorios produced in her numerous churches and ecclesiastical establishments. This *par parenthèse*. To return to Signor Bottesini's work. It is, as we have remarked, written on well-worn lines, and is a sort of sacred concert consisting of solos, duets, trios, quartets, and quintets, linked together by recitatives, in this instance allotted to the contralto, in order to preserve the narrative form. It contains some graceful melodies, is very carefully orchestrated, possesses several pretty choruses, and one exceptionally charming contralto aria, "Deliver me, oh my God!" and an almost equally good solo for the tenor, "Have pity upon me, oh my friends!" Both of these were extremely well sung, respectively by Miss Hilda Wilson and Mr. Lloyd, and much applauded. *The Garden of Olives* is probably destined to achieve much success with choral societies, for it is by no means difficult music, and wherever it is given will charm, even if it does not create much enthusiasm.

The second work performed for the first time at the Norwich Festival is of an altogether different character. Signor Mancinelli, so well known during the past operatic season for the efficient manner in which he conducted the orchestra at Drury Lane, possesses, we are inclined to think, the stuff of which remarkable composers are made. He has, above all things, that rare quality—distinction; and he by no means lacks imagination. He has chosen for his subject the famous story of Sennacherib and the overthrow of his host. Dr. Aldini, the librettist, who has furnished him the Latin words, doubtless for the benefit of the Italian Church, is a disciple of Carducci and a poet of no mean distinction. With the assistance of the Talmud, he has woven into the Scriptural

narrative a number of dramatic incidents, one of which, the principal, concerns the patriotic action of certain Hebrew maidens who volunteered to go into the enemy's camp and plead for Jerusalem, then beleaguered by the Assyrians. The wine which was forced upon them was turned to innocent water, and their "perfumed captors" thrown into a lethargy; so that the excellent maidens effected their escape uninjured, and returned to their homes as stainless as they went. Isaiah is introduced into this story as a sort of avenging spirit, denouncing the evil deeds of Sennacherib, warning him of the horrible fate in store for him, and likewise encouraging Hezekiah to persevere in righteousness. The plot is of the simplest description; but it is rather unfortunate that the Norwich audience was not permitted to hear it in Latin, for assuredly never was anything more crude and unfinished than Mr. Joseph Bennett's translation. It is as literal as the funny English versions of the old-fashioned operas. Such verses, for instance, as these are not calculated to impress one with an exalted idea of Mr. Joseph Bennett's inspiration. "Ye Gods of heaven!" exclaims Sennacherib at his overthrow:—

This horror, this crashing—Say what means it?
So I fear.
Ah, me! what a shameful word!
Warriors, awake from sleep and hasten!
Grasp your deadly weapons;
Sound the trumpets through the camp.

However, be this as it may, Mr. Bennett's translation, although it has not, of course, the sonority and rich rhythmic measure of the Latin, is literal enough and, what is more, singable. On Wednesday its incongruities were successfully veiled by the admirable rendering it received from the artists. Signor Mancinelli's music amply compensated for the shortcomings of the libretto. There is nothing so difficult as to describe music, and the introduction of technical terms, though they may display erudition, convey very little meaning to those who are not familiar with them. Therefore let us at once declare in the plainest language that Signor Mancinelli's is a distinctly original creation, although it certainly, so far as its melodies are concerned, reminds us of several noteworthy compositions by Wagner, and also, especially in the choral portions where the harps are introduced, of Verdi's *Aida*. In this case it is useless to take the piano score of this oratorio and try to form any conception of its merits from a perusal thereof. It demands a full orchestra and an excellent quintet of tenor, bass, baritone, and contralto, and more than ordinarily efficient choristers. Under these circumstances the result is eminently satisfactory. Scarcely a single number can be detached from the score and sung independently at a concert or in a drawing-room. Indeed, if we except the duet between the contralto and soprano, there is nothing else that could for a moment interest an audience who heard it as an excerpt, but when listened to as a whole it produces a profound impression, being a highly imaginative and thoroughly conscientious work. The preludes throughout are very fine, notably strong and vigorous being the one illustrating the destruction of Sennacherib's host. The opening prelude is also beautiful, and the last number, when peace is restored, and the sun is supposed to be seen rising over the towers and walls of Jerusalem, as the virgins return processionally from their mission on the fulfilment of Isaiah's prophecy of their delivery and that of the Holy City, is exquisitely beautiful. The solos for the Prophet and for Hezekiah are rather monotonous, and altogether too lengthy. These are defects which Signor Mancinelli will doubtless correct. Indeed, after the first rehearsal he altered several passages. As to the interpretation of both oratorios, it was, all things considered, admirable. The Norwich choristers are well trained, and sing in excellent tune and time. Where delicacy of expression is required they are beyond praise; but, somehow or other, their voices lack volume, and what is technically called "attack." Of the orchestra there is nothing but praise to be recorded. Mme. Albani seemed to enter into the spirit of the rôle of Judith in *Isaiah* with something like enthusiasm; and sang admirably. Equally excellent in the same oratorio was Miss Lena Little, and Mr. Barton McGuckin saved the part of Hezekiah from monotony by the sweetness of his voice and his excellent phrasing. To Mr. Barrington Foote was allotted the arduous part of the Prophet. He has a strong bass voice, but it has not the requisite volume for so imposing a character. One could not help imagining what Lablache or Formes would have made of such a part. This is not to the discredit, however, of Mr. Barrington Foote, who declaimed his interminable speeches with remarkable variety of intonation and with genuine dramatic feeling. Sennacherib has one song of exceeding difficulty to sing, and Mr. Alec Marsh, who has a capital baritone voice, rendered it with a skill deserving of great praise. In *The Garden of Olivet* the part of the Redeemer was sustained by Mr. Santley with truly devotional feeling and a perfect sense of the sublimity of the character entrusted to him. Nothing finer can well be imagined than his noble declamation and the perfect repose and grandeur of his manner. Miss Annie Marriott, who has a very fine soprano voice, but unfortunately does not pronounce her words well, saved many passages in which the female choristers lacked volume by the purity and admirable sustaining power of her high notes. Miss Hilda Wilson also lent valuable assistance by the simplicity of her declamation and the rich quality of her voice. As to Mr. Lloyd, his tenor solo was perfectly sung, and throughout the entire Festival he has given proofs of being an artist of the first quality.

Miss Liza Lehmann distinguished herself by the charming grace with which she sang the music allotted to her in *The Garden of Olivet*, and especially for her delightful singing of the soprano part in St. Saens's setting of the 138th Psalm. Beyond these two oratorios nothing absolutely new has been produced here, unless indeed it be a song by Gounod, entitled "The Holy Vision," which, by the way, is only an old baritone romance vamped up for tenor, and Mr. Prout's "Judith," a not very effective aria.

BIRCH AND BEECH.

YE learned in the lore of speech,
What's this to-do with Birch and Beech?

"Shall we agree with Mr. Sayce
That o'er the Aryan dwelling-place
We'd find, if we made careful search,
The golden tresses of the Birch;
Or doth Herr Penka wiser teach,
We'd find more probably the Beech—
And Aryans, run to earth at last,
Below its branches munching mast?
And is it Beech or is it Birch
That never does grow east of Kertch,
And was it rods of Birch or Beech
That Aryan elders used to teach
The little Aryans how to quote
The Vedas right, and get by rote?"

Thus cried the learned, ill at ease,
And up imaginary trees,
With all their doctrines in the lurch
Through this dispute of Beech and Birch.

Both sages now one doctrine preach;
Where Sayce said "Birch" he now says "Beech,"
And Penka'd sooner rob a church
Than give to Beech the place of Birch.
Both mean—there's little in a name—
That from the North the Aryan came;
No more need men fair paper smirch
With fighting over Beech and Birch.

REVIEWS.

MONEYLENDERS IN THE PUNJAB.*

THE author of this work is favourably known by two works, published in 1876 and 1879 respectively. In *Bannu, or our Afghan Frontier*, he gave us an account of the Revenue Settlement of a primitive district and a selection of entertaining proverbs from the Pushtoo language. In *David Leslie* we had a novel made up of station life and border warfare, lively and well written, but with more tragic occurrences than were necessary to make the story go off. In his present work Mr. Thorburn takes up two or three of those extremely serious problems which must grow with the growth of the population, and which, if once admitted, must be boldly faced and met. It is that old familiar story of New Men and Old Acres. Is it true, for instance, that ancient proprietors are losing their rights owing to improvidence and indebtedness? Is their land now grabbed by cunning usurpers who take advantage of the inexperience of the tenants, and cleverly set in motion the machinery of our Courts and our laws for their own selfish ends? Does our system of Settlement and payment of revenue, however excellent in many respects, tend to accelerate or to retard changes in ownership? And are they the sort of changes which our best administrators, Thomason in one province, Munro in another, and the Lawrences and their school in the Punjab, would have considered desirable? To several of these questions Mr. Thorburn returns a not very favourable reply. That he speaks from knowledge of the vernacular and from a minute and long acquaintance with the wishes of the people; that he can interpret their proclivities, their prayers for ease and non-interference; and that he does not talk vaguely about their "aspirations," their "struggles to be free," and their indescribable "yearnings for self-government"; that to attain this confident knowledge he has spent months every year under canvas, adjusting boundaries, settling disputes, apportioning burdens, and recognizing privileges and exemptions; and that he is in a position to suggest amendments in our revenue legislation which authorities at head-quarters may or may not accept, is undeniable. We are again confronted with the different views taken by men of the Council and the Secretariat and by men who have studied native life in the bazaar, at the well, and in the plains where a scanty rainfall is supplemented by the overflowing of the Indus and the Jhelum or by countless little

* *Muslimans and Moneylenders in the Punjab*. By S. S. Thorburn, Bengal Civil Service, Author of "Bannu, or our Afghan Frontier," "David Leslie," &c. London and Edinburgh: William Blackwood & Sons. 1887.

channels entirely of native contrivances. Very likely the representatives of two different schools would be all the better for a little mutual contact and interchange of thought. The eminent officials, whom Mr. Thorburn credits with "scholarly ability" rather than "practical knowledge," would be benefited by six months under canvas. Enlarged views resulting from a comparison of different systems and from the recognition of Imperial necessities would alter the rigidity sometimes observable in a Settlement officer who is able to correct an error in the papers of a Putwari or pounce on a flaw in the ledger of a grasping and usurious Bunniah.

Mr. Thorburn begins with a concise and accurate account of the population of the Punjab Province, which he divides roughly into three parts. In this he has been doubtless aided by the valuable stock of materials acquired in the recent Census. There is the Central part, comprising nine districts, fertile, populous, and now fairly secured against famine. In this portion the Mahomedans in number about equal the Sikhs and Hindus combined. The Eastern portion has eight districts, lies near to the Himalayas, and includes some hill tracts. Here the Hindus outnumber the Sikhs and Mahomedans by three to one. The Western Punjab includes a large space from Jhelum to our frontier across the Indus and to the native feudatory State of Bahawalpur in the south. It is the stronghold of Mahomedanism, and in some rural districts Mussalmans form the whole population. According to the best authorities on national character, the Hindu is thrifty, quiet, and contented. He desires nothing more than to marry his daughters at an early age and to be left alone. The Sikh Jat is independent, brave, and manly. From a splendid soldier he has been transformed into a splendid agriculturist. The Mussulman is proud and easily roused to fanaticism; a good hand with the sword and the matchlock, and a very bad one with the weeding-spud and the plough. It is amongst these Mahomedans that the largest portion of Mr. Thorburn's experience has been acquired, and it is for them and the agricultural classes generally that he feels most sympathy. He is no doubt correct in affirming that under the old Sikh system of Runjit Sing the cultivator did not often get into debt. But this was simply because he had neither credit nor stock to pledge. The revenue was collected in kind by local chiefs or by competing farmers, who left the peasant just enough seed to live on and cultivate his land. No one would lend to a peasant who had no ostensible means beyond the barest margin of subsistence. With British peace and progress this was very soon changed. No longer liable to see his household burned, his crop harried, and his protests met by fire and sword, the cultivator found village bankers quite ready to make him advances on his bond. Money was forthcoming if he wanted to marry a daughter, to feast his friends at a sacrificial supper or funeral, and to touch some hard cash in anticipation of the next harvest. At first the usurer is not seen. He is only the adviser or friend. But when payments are delayed and bonds are renewed by the simple-minded villager harsher terms are imposed. The short intelligible code of procedure, completed in part if not entirely by Sir R. Temple soon after annexation, has given way to elaborate and highly-wrought Acts, and to a Chief Court only one step lower than the High Courts of Justice of our older provinces. This has been followed by an irruption of pleaders, a sort of cross between an attorney and a barrister, and by a large increase in the number of civil suits. No more easy adjustments of accounts in the open space under the village trees, where the English officer brushed aside technicalities, extracted truth from the speech, hesitation, or silence of some half-dozen untutored witnesses, and ensured the acquiescence of the bystanders by a clear, sharp, and summary decree. The native pleader now has his emissaries to tout for clients, and if Haro Lall, banker of the bazaar of Pothipur, has enlisted the services of a sharp advocate, Rai Gopal, the industrious peasant, when sued on his registered bond, is compelled to do the same. Litigation becomes a fashion; proceedings are spun out; appeals increase: new civil courts are established; impetuous or prodigal Ryots are encouraged to pledge their capital; and the result is that some officials declare the number of indebted proprietors to vary from 20 to 50 per cent. Others say that the number of unembarrassed landholders can be counted on the fingers, and most seem to think that the dominant, the industrious, and the respectable classes are gradually but surely being ground down or supplanted by a race of money-grubbers, who are known through a large portion of the province by the opprobrious term of Kirars.

Of course there is another side to this picture. It is undeniable that peace prevails over the province, that the revenue is collected in money and not in kind, and without harshness; while a political economist might point with satisfaction to the fact that we have created such a thing as real or immovable property on which money can be raised, and which, without legislative interference, passes from hand to hand, brings new blood into a village, and, as Sydney Smith humorously remarked about pepper, "explains the objects of commerce, and justifies the industry of man." But it is as certain that there can be no more fatal error than to apply English maxims in all their stiffness to Oriental society, and that measures introduced with the most genuine regard for the interests of the revenue and the people do sometimes produce the most untoward and queer results. It certainly cannot be the wish of any Indian statesman to put down anarchy and misrule, in order that forty thousand oily Bunniahs should trade on the ignorance and encroachment on the rights of some six millions of active but dull-witted peasantry for whom we are always boasting that our rule

exists. And no one can question Mr. Thorburn's intimate knowledge of the subject and real sympathy with the masses.

When we come to remedies, they are not so easy as they might seem. The author is not one of those who think that abuses can be removed if the Viceroy will only issue a splendid Proclamation or get his Council to "pass a law." The proposed Act, we observe, in similar cases is always to be simple in the preamble, sharp in its sections, and summary in its effect. But somehow it generally fails. Mr. Thorburn thinks that the law of limitation is too strict. It was once, for simple debts, fixed at twelve years, and it has been reduced to six years for debts on registered bonds and to three for unsecured debts. He would enlarge the time, and here, we think, he mistakes his remedy. Nothing is gained for justice in the East by procrastination in bringing a suit. Ink fades; papers are lost, worm-eaten, or burnt when the bazaar takes fire, as it does about once a year; the temptation to supplement a deficiency in evidence, written or oral, by fresh witnesses and fresh deeds is too strong for the moneylender; and the day of reckoning makes it worse for the debtor if delayed. Other suggestions are more to the point. Cattle used for the plough or for working wells as well as the implements of husbandry are exempt from attachment in execution of a decree. To this the author would add grain and straw sufficient to keep the cultivator till the ensuing harvest, and there are, in most provinces, two harvests in the year. Then imprisonment should only be enforced against dishonest judgment-debtors, and for a limited period. This reform, however, would not be much of a remedy, for the statistics given prove that only eleven per cent. of persons arrested in execution of decrees were sent to the civil gaol. The judgment-holder, be it remembered, has to make his debtor some allowance while in prison, and no Oriental likes to feed his enemy, however he may hate him. Mr. Thorburn very properly finds fault with the rough and careless way in which Bunniahs keep their accounts. They ought to have three sets of books, the day-book, the ledger, and the cash-balance account. Usually they keep only two, in loosely-stitched sheets capable of any amount of interpolation. But whether it is the duty of a paternal Government to prepare and print proper forms of account and to offer them for sale at cost price may, even in these days of parental interference on the part of the State, be open to doubt. A provision for more compulsion in the case of registration of deeds is much less questionable. As the law stands, the registration of deeds affecting immovable property is compulsory, but only when the amount is more than one hundred rupees. In most other cases registration is optional. As the process is short and inexpensive, there is no reason why it should not be enforced generally as it has been in the excellent Act for the Relief of Ryots in the Deccan. The last suggestion is that in simple cases for debts, rent, and the like, litigants should be left to bring their own cases into court, and should not be allowed to employ counsel. To say nothing of the howl that would come from the "educated native," and the cry about "retrograde legislation," if Vakils and Mukhtars were not permitted to talk by the hour in trumpery suits, there might be some difficulty in reverting to the patriarchal mode of settling cases. But it might be possible to demand more strict tests of character and ability from pleaders, and to limit the scale of fees in petty actions so as to lessen the temptation to take them up.

It is refreshing to read a book of which the bulk is no indication of the amount of labour and experience necessary to write it. An imperfect knowledge of one-quarter of the facts compressed into less than two hundred pages would enable an ubiquitous M.P. to write three volumes and a dozen magazine articles, and to make speeches averaging monthly at least five columns of the *Times*. Mr. Thorburn's modest and sensible production is illustrated in several respects by a Report or Blue-Book published on a province very unlike the Punjab, either as regards climate, cultivation, the settlement of the revenue, or the character of the people. The Registration Department of the Lower Provinces has now attained to most respectable dimensions. We learn that there are nearly three hundred offices at which all sorts of documents can be registered. The net receipts have reached the decent total of four lacs and a half of rupees. In nearly every district there was a good balance to the credit of Government after payment of all expenses. As may be anticipated, the deeds presented for registration are more varied and complicated in a country which has been governed by us for more than a century than they can be in the Punjab. We find deeds of sale, of mortgage, of leases perpetual and temporary, of wills, and of bonds and similar obligations, numbering more than 700,000. By far the greater number of these concern immovable property, and there is an increase in the deeds of which the registration is optional. We further gather that in Bengal, our oldest and richest province, landed property is changing hands partly owing to natural and economic causes. Zemindars purchase shares in estates whether liable to or exempt from the payment of revenue. Small Talukdars and under-tenants freely buy sub-infeudations; Ryots, that is to say the actual tenant proprietors or occupants with certain rights, compete freely for plots exempted from revenue, and their purchases outnumber those of Zemindars and Mahajans or bankers, combined. It is confidently asserted that the purely agricultural classes are not parting with their interests in the soil, and that they borrow money freely, not under poverty or pressure, but for investment in cultivation and trade, and even for unproductive expenditure. A record of similar gratifying progress in the Punjab cannot be expected for some years. The Gangetic Delta has a soil by no means exhausted, and the Bengali Zemindar,

the Mahajan, the under-tenant or cultivator, are all fully aware of their own position, while the last-named class is able to defend its own rights. The late Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal distinctly records an opinion that Ryots are large buyers of holdings with rights of occupancy, and that the transfer of these interests has been regarded as customary and common in most parts of Bengal Proper. He might have added that these sales are effected without robbing the Zemindar.

NOVELS.*

THE earnest novel is not the popular novel of our day. Sensational stories and realistic stories have no quality of earnestness about them, though they may be noisy and hard; and a touch of strenuous aspiration would be ruin to the "flirtatious" type. Perhaps, then, *Caswell: a Paradox* may be too strained, too full of the stress of conflicting feeling, pitched in too high a key for the general reader. But it is a remarkable story, and deserves attention. Some people will unfairly say it is an imitation of George Eliot. It is not so, more than any story of human experience written out of intense interest in the inward struggles of a man's nature and strong religious impressions may be said to be. It is true that the writer has caught here and there tricks of George Eliot's manner—phrases adjusted with conscious cleverness, and little sententious summings-up of character and emotion; but the gist of the story is out of his own mind, and his faults as well as his merits are his own. If we are forced now and then to remember the author of *Adam Bede*, it is to the disadvantage of the writer of *Caswell*; for more than magnificent style and breadth of constructive power, and profound insight are wanting to put the two works on a level. Humour is wanting. The touches of ironical description to be found scattered about in the story of John Caswell are pleasant, but they are insufficient. A keen sense of the incongruous and of the humour of it is as needful to the artist drawing men and women with the pen as a sense of proportion is to him who holds the paint-brush. Some lack of this renders the tone of *Caswell* too heavy. The story of a soul struggling through the sloughs of selfishness and sin towards the heights, stumbling, falling, mistaking the way and following stray will o' the wisps and false guides, haunted throughout with the restless longing for the light even when plunging deeper into the abyss must necessarily be a picture full of dark shades. This is the story of *Caswell*, and the strain and stress of it oppress the attention even in the interest with which we follow it. The religious sentiment which is the leading purpose of the book has an effect of gloom from lack of relief. Caswell's life is a sustained defeat; a "paradox" in that his ultimate and only apparent gain is his utter earthly loss. The creed of the devotees of Zion Chapel leads to repulsive conclusions. Mrs. Rayner, the saint of the community, accepts the reprobation of her daughter Delilah as the Divine decree with pious acquiescence. George Sampson, the young prophet, is led so far from charity by his religion and his love combined that he ends as a malignant wretch. Lillian, innocent and good, is not without a touch of Pharisaism in her purity. Delilah, with her sinful heart in her beautiful body, is unredeemable, and her death is a scene of horror. Too little of grace and tenderness enters into the author's view of life. He is not deficient in satirical description. The society of Linford, the great provincial manufacturing centre, is amusingly touched off, and Esther Branston, daughter of the Mayor and "leading young lady" of the town, is drawn with great truth and cleverness. In this character, as in those of the two Ritualists, layman and clergyman, there is a want of artistic finish and coherence which impairs the effect on the story they should have, and are meant by the author to have. They want better focussing. The novel as a whole is more powerful than beautiful. But the elements of power are very marked.

Mrs. Edward Kennard's name, and the title, *A Real Good Thing*, sufficiently indicate the sort of story we are to expect. A "parcel of holes sewn together" made up the Irishman's coat, and a number of "runs" described at more or less length, constitute Mrs. Kennard's novel. For lovers of horses and horsey conversation, and hunting and hunting incident, no novel could be better constituted than one on such a system. The best of it is (for the author) that no variety of incident, or even of conversation, is needed. The same things told and written over and over again satisfy. Hunting descriptions are always fresh, like the rising of the sun, and young love, and the morning paper. There is a scale, of course, even in sporting novels, and Mrs. Kennard's may not be in the first flight, like her favourite heroines at the big fences; but they are bright, good-humoured, and readable. If the horses seem occasionally rather more interesting, intelligent, and well-bred than their riders, that is no deviation from the scope of the sporting novel.

No one who wants in an easy way to learn a good deal about the island of Java, the birds, beasts, fishes, flowers, and fruits of that tropical region, and the domestic manners and customs of

the Javanese at home can do better than send for *A Princess of Java*. It is a novel; but as a novel it is naught. It is as a brightly-written handbook to the scenery, vegetation, colour, animal life, native ways, dress, and demeanour of Java and the Javanese that it has its value. Mrs. Higginson has a feeling for natural beauty and a power of minute graphic description which admirably fit her for the task of bringing strange and lovely scenes before the imagination. She has also a great appreciation of the qualities of the Eastern races, and a reverent respect for their traditions and hereditary usages. Her use of English words is at times open to criticism; Mrs. Higginson is an American; but her Javanese vocabulary is copious, and she gives her readers the benefit of it, a little to their bewilderment. The accounts given in this book of the gorgeous flowers, trees, and forests, delicious streams, natural baths, and exquisite scenery to be found amongst the volcanic mountains in the south-eastern portion of Java are enough to send every one off at once to Mr. Cook for passages, did not the snakes and lizards and other creeping and venomous things turn the balance a little. The author is admirable in her descriptions of the animals and birds. She writes of them as one only could who understands and loves them.

Lady Grace and two or three other short stories, which make up three volumes, are presumably pieces left by Mrs. Henry Wood, and now for the first time published. There is no reference to their previous appearance. The care and retrospective sense of value caused by death give them an interest which intrinsically they cannot be said to possess. They are not, to judge from internal evidence, early scraps of fiction thrown aside for larger undertakings. They are in Mrs. Wood's later manner; full of kindly garrulity and of the references to old times and old fashions, and the better manners of an earlier generation which grow on men and women with increase of years. Those—and they are many—who like Mrs. Wood's novels will find much of her usual vein and method in these brief passages.

THE SACRED KURRAL.*

THE curious name of this work by no means affords any clue to the interesting matter which it contains. The mind wonders whether Kurral may mean a temple, a race, a tree, or a mountain. It is none of these. Kurral means anything short; it comes (perhaps) from the same root as the Latin "curtus"; it is properly the name of a couplet, the shortest species of stanza in the Tamil language, a tongue which is spoken by a considerable portion of the population of the Madras Presidency. The name of "Kurral" is applied to a poem of 2,660 lines written by Tiru-Valluvar, the weaver of Mayilapur. But Tiru-Valluvar is as little a name for a man as Kurral for a book, and the Frenchman Ariel properly describes the work as "Ce livre sans nom par un autre sans nom." Dr. Pope has done a valuable service to literature in re-introducing to Englishmen one of the most remarkable collections of moral aphorisms which has ever seen the light. We can feel little surprise that when he first came across the book, in 1840, it stirred in him an enthusiasm for the great Tamil poet which has been "an important factor in his life." The way in which the translation has been made shows that the work has been a labour of love. The Tamil text and the English translation are side by side, and in notes is the Latin translation made by the famous Jesuit missionary, Father Beschi, early in the last century, and still preserved in the India Office. Dr. Pope is fairly safe from criticism as to the accuracy of his translation from the Tamil, a tongue with which the British public are not well acquainted; but, by giving us Beschi's translation, he enables us to judge how conscientiously he has done his work, and by also giving Ellis's translation into English verse we are supplied with a standard by which the poetical difficulties may be estimated. A Tamil Grammar, a Lexicon, and Concordance give additional proof of the thoroughness of Dr. Pope's work.

Most people will ask "Who was the nameless author (Tiru-Valluvar), and what is his nameless work (the Kurral)?" As usual with any great work coming from antiquity, little or nothing is known of the author. The meaning of his name is the Sacred Devotee. He was a weaver, of a very low caste; he lived at St. Thomé, or Mayilapur, near Madras, where St. Thomas is supposed to have preached and to have been martyred, and where a Christian community has existed since the earliest times. He had a friend, the captain of a small vessel. Dr. Pope believes that he lived between 800 and 1000 A.D., but the evidence as to the authorship and to the date of writing is of the weakest character possible.

The poet, like St. Peter, was a married man; and, unlike Socrates, was blessed with a most obedient wife. At his bidding she boiled sand as though it were rice, and lo! it became rice. On a stranger asking the poet which were better, domestic life or asceticism, the poet called for his wife, who came instantaneously, leaving her bucket hanging midway in the well—from which the stranger might infer that domestic life was better than asceticism. At her husband's bidding she brought a candle into the broad daylight to look for a fallen shuttle, and she fanned cold rice when he said that it burnt his mouth. She never questioned his orders, however foolish. These anecdotes tell us little of Tiru-Valluvar,

* *Caswell: a Paradox*. 2 vols. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1887.
A Real Good Thing. A Sporting Novel. By Mrs. Edward Kennard. London: F. V. White. 1887.
A Princess of Java. By S. J. Higginson. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. 1887.
Lady Grace; and Other Stories. By Mrs. Henry Wood. 3 vols. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1887.

* *The Sacred Kurral of Tiru-Valluvar-Nayanar*. With Introduction, Grammar, Translation, Notes, Lexicon, and Concordance. By the Rev. G. U. Pope, M.A., D.D. London: W. H. Allen & Co.

save that he had every justification for putting domestic virtues in the forefront, and for preferring the domestic form of existence. Perhaps, if more women were like Vajuki, men would be rather fonder of domesticity.

It should be noticed of the First Book (on Virtue) that theology forms no part of the general subject; and, save in the first chapter, there is hardly an allusion to God. He is compared to the letter A, as the first of things. One naturally at once thinks of the Alpha and Omega of Christianity; but the Holy One in the Bhagavadgita, a work which has not hitherto been supposed to have a Christian origin, says of Himself, "I am the letter A among letters." This curious circumstance should deter us from attributing other coincidences in thought to an otherwise unproved Christian origin. The Deity is described in the purest spirit of Monotheism as eternal, omniscient, passionless, beautiful, and gracious. Then the poet, as if recognizing that God worked through natural influences, goes on to sing the praises of rain; unless the rain should fall the course of human affairs would be altered, produce could not be offered to the gods, and virtue, wealth, and pleasure would come to an end. Next to the powers of God and of rain are those of the ascetic who by self-control acquires profound knowledge, and whose wrath cannot be endured.

Just as the Bhagavadgita inculcates the duty of activity, and declares that devotion is success in action, so the author of the Kural, while not failing to recognize the merits of asceticism, yet knowing that he writes for men of the world, living in the world, in whom humanity consists, and by whom humanity is continued, chiefly turns his thoughts to domestic life, the school of all the virtues. Tiru-Valluvar thus proceeds to enumerate the qualities of a wife, the delight of paternity, and the bliss which comes from the exercise of the various domestic affections towards wife, children, and friends. Ellis translates one couplet:—

That breast alone contains a living soul
Which love inspires; void of this genial warmth,
'Tis bone o'erlaid with skin.

Then various means by which affection is nourished are considered, such as hospitality to guests and kindly discourse, gratitude for benefits, justice, self-control, decorous conduct according to the laws of caste and order (it is to be remembered that in India men of the lowest caste adhere to their special dignities as tenaciously as those of the highest), not coveting another's wife, patience, refraining from envy, avarice, and evil speaking, the dread of sin, the practice of benevolence, and the desire of glory.

The poet considers ascetic virtue under two heads. First in respect of religious observances, and second in respect of wisdom, and his remarks suggest a comparison between the theories of Tiru-Valluvar and the Christian faith. Just as he based the domestic virtues on special affection, so Tiru-Valluvar based the ascetic virtues on a general tender regard for mankind. Beschi considered this to be equivalent to love for one's neighbours or to charity. Dr. Pope describes this as the law of "grace" as well as "benevolence." "Grace" seems to us a misleading term; it is used by St. Paul in opposition to the term nature, and as signifying the special Divine influence which softens the heart of man.

Many passages seem to show, what is otherwise clear, that Tiru-Valluvar did not derive his morality from Christian sources. He was not sectarian but universal in his teaching. He understood the secrets of men's hearts and formulated principles of the widest possible character, speaking direct to humanity and not to any caste, or people, or sect alone. And his wisdom is not merely that of the ascetic or of the householder; in the second book, which treats of Wealth or Fortune, he displays the deep knowledge which he possessed of the affairs of life, as applied to the duties of a ruler of men, and the conduct of State affairs.

The Second Book is divided into three parts. The first treats of Royalty, the second of Ministers of State, the third of the essentials of a State; and it presents a complete manual for the guidance of kings and their Ministers which neither princes nor Secretaries of State of the present day need be ashamed to study. And, although the loftiest moral principles are laid down, the author, as in the chapter on the use of detectives and on tact in the Council Chamber, as well as in many other places, is not above giving some judicious hints on practice somewhat outside the province of morals. For instance:—"The things which a spy has related after spying must be inquired into by another spy. Let a king have many spies, but so that none know anything of the others; let him send all forth to spy, and, if they agree, he can be sure of their reports."

This second part of the Kural is as full of wisdom as the first part was of lofty morality. The following are some of the subjects treated:—The elements of greatness in a king, the importance of being easy of access, the points in which knowledge is valuable, the duty of being choice of one's company as well as of one's time, the desirability of cherishing one's kindred, so that the king shall raise up friends around him. All these things are inculcated with great force, fulness, and truth, in words which are as valuable for the guidance of private individuals as of monarchs. The success which attends constant and manly effort under the influence of hopefulness in trouble never was better or more encouragingly expressed. The duty of concentration and forgetfulness is more clearly rendered than is usual with Dr. Pope in the following couplet:—

'Tis easy what thou hast in mind to gain,
If what thou hast in mind thy mind retain.

Equal wisdom is shown on the chapters relating to conduct in

presence of the king and to the reading of signs. The third part of the book treats of the Essentials of a State, and lays down precepts relating to the army, friendship, hatred, uxoriousness, and medicine, most of which are admirably expressed and of universal application. There is, indeed, singularly little in this book which is fanciful or contrary to the best morality, one exception possibly being the chapter on the Might of Hatred.

The Third Book, on Enjoyment or Love, was described by Drew (who published a Tamil edition of the Kural) as one in which the purest could not look with impunity, and he added that it could not be translated into any European language without exposing the translator to infamy. For years Dr. Pope was deterred from reading this portion by Drew's condemnation of it, until at length he ventured to do so, and finally even to translate the portion thus stigmatized. If Dr. Pope's translation be at all accurate, one must admit that Drew's remark is absurdly overstrained. It is a poem rather in the spirit of the Song of Solomon than of the Proverbs of the same King; it is descriptive of the joys and fears and jealousies of lovers. Dr. Pope, with all his industry, is not sufficiently a master of verse to make this portion of the poem other than tedious; while it is sometimes extremely grotesque. No poetical deficiencies, however, can detract from the public service Dr. Pope has rendered in giving a complete edition of this very remarkable poem, which comes usefully to supplement Epictetus and Marcus Aurelius, with its soberness of thought and its universal applicability to human affairs.

BOOKS ON BIOLOGY.*

MYCOLOGY is never likely to become popular to the same extent with botany or natural history, and hence a work of this sort is of value only to the select few who take an interest in a superficially unattractive branch of science. We say superficially unattractive, because, while most persons are willing to admit a certain degree of interest in other more popularized sciences, they look upon everything connected with fungi—mushrooms and truffles, of course, excepted—with indifference or repugnance. Notwithstanding all that Berkeley and Badham have written on the subject, the average Briton, whether professedly cultured or not, knows just about as much concerning fungi as the little boy whose knowledge of snakes was summed up in the terse essay—"Snakes is of two sorts; one is poisonous, and the other don't."

Yet this much neglected science has been slowly but surely attracting men in every civilized country, until it bids fair to become the battle-field, not of botanists alone, but of biologists, chemists, and pathologists. The time is not long since botanists were wont to ignore more or less all but the macroscopic fungi, and to assume the comparative unimportance of the microscopic ones. But when such diverse and important phenomena as alcoholic fermentation, the vine blight, potato disease, and silkworm rot were proved to be due to the invasion of different fungi, the vast significance of the despised science became manifest. And each succeeding year seems to show yet more and more the extent to which organic chemistry, biology, and pathology, are concerned in mycology. As an instance of this, we cannot do better than quote a passage from the preface to the work before us. Writing of Béchamp's theory of the microzymes, the author says, "These are very minute bodies, 'granulations moléculaires,' which are contained in the substance (protoplasm) of animals and plants of the most different kinds and grades of organization, and not only develop independently after the death of the parent organism, but enjoy an almost unlimited duration of vitality, since they may lie during entire geologic periods in such a rock as chalk, and yet retain the power of development. These microzymes give rise in a suitable medium to bacteria, sprouting fungi, and similar forms, and, since the localities in which they originate are of very frequent occurrence, they are to be found everywhere." It is to mycology, moreover, that we must look for a solution—if such be possible—of the problem of spontaneous generation. The author states the case most judiciously when he says:—"It must be assumed that organisms did once come into being of themselves without parents, being produced from organizable, but not yet organized, matter. It must, moreover, be allowed that this may still happen at any moment, and perhaps actually does happen; its impossibility cannot be proved." But, *per contra*, he maintains "That there is no generation without parents is a matter of experience; it is in distinct accord with the present state of our knowledge, after making allowance for all conceivable possibilities, and we must set out from this principle in a book which is concerned with real knowledge." Of still deeper interest and significance to humanity are the problems presented of the causal relations between certain bacteria and many grave diseases with which they are found associated; problems which have engaged and are engaging the minds of scientific physicians all the world over, and which bid fair, when solved, to supply the key to many a hitherto inscrutable pathological puzzle. From all which it will be seen that far from being an uninviting, pedantic study, mycology takes rank amongst

* *Comparative Morphology and Biology of the Fungi, Mycetozoa and Bacteria.* By A. de Bary. Translated by Henry E. F. Garney, M.A. Revised by Isaac Bayley Ballou, M.A., M.D. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1887.

Animal Biology. By C. Lloyd Morgan. London: Rivingtons, 1887.

the foremost sciences alike in interest and in practical importance. And the work before us is a most valuable contribution to the science; being the outcome of much patient labour, diligent research, and masterly annotation. It is constructed upon a plan perhaps as simple as any of which such a complex subject is capable; and a careful student could not fail to gain a broad and comprehensive as well as a thorough grasp of the elements of mycology from its pages. The first part of the book is devoted to the general morphology, course of development, and mode of life of fungi. The author begins with their general construction, growth-form, and material composition, which are described in language simple yet clear and comprehensible; and in this chapter, as well as throughout the work generally, the diagrams are worthy of all praise for their beauty and instructiveness. Spore formation and germination are next described, and from thence we pass on to development and classification. The interest increases when we reach those forms connected with fermentation and the saprophytes and parasites of animals and plants, and note the necessity for affinity between the fungus and the medium in which it develops, between the host and the guest. It is to this affinity, or its absence, that we must turn for our explanation of the proclivity shown by certain animals, races, or individual men to certain contagia, and the immunity enjoyed by others. The second portion of the work is devoted to the Mycetozoa, and the third and last to the bacteria or Schizomycetes. The labours of Pasteur, of Koch, and of many other eminent workers have rendered bacteriology the most practically important of all the divisions of mycology. It is, therefore, with a certain sense of disappointment that, in a work of nearly five hundred pages, only thirty-five should be devoted to the bacteria; the more so, as these few so well repay perusal. While some important pathogenic forms are described, such as the bacillus anthracis, many others are ignored altogether, and the omission of these certainly tends to rob the work of its value as a complete treatise. Indeed, we do not need to read the author's sentence that, "to expatiate further in the domain of pathology would carry us beyond the limits to which we are confined," to see that he is more at home in the botanical than in the pathological laboratory. Yet, as a whole, the work is one of very high value, and the translators are to be congratulated upon the able manner in which they have done their laborious share.

The author of this excellent text-book informs us in his preface that it is designed to assist students reading for various University examinations, not strictly medical, as well as for those who are about to study for the latter, and we have no hesitation in saying that the work is admirably adapted to fulfil its mission. Indeed, any student who has read and carried out intelligently the practical work suggested in its pages will have thereby laid a very solid and sure foundation for the wider and deeper study of human anatomy and physiology. At the same time we cannot quite perceive the advantage of the arrangement of the book, which begins with the complex and difficult study of the higher vertebrata, and winds up with the simplest form of all, the amoeba, after descending from above downwards through the articulata and mollusca. Of course the student who has once mastered the first, will find the succeeding studies progressively easy; but is not this reversing the natural sequence of the subject?

COUNTY FAMILIES OF LANCASHIRE AND CHESHIRE.*

THOSE who have stayed much in Cheshire country houses know that all Cheshire people are cousins, and that Lancashire people are their cousins once removed. Charming cousins they are too, as a rule, and, although they cling together with a strong clannish instinct, they have a virtuous habit of making guests, that are not of the chosen tribe, thoroughly at home. Pleasant people living in nice old houses would be a tolerably accurate definition of the county families of Lancashire and Cheshire, and we should ever be ready to make it without hesitation. Whether we should be quite so ready to sit down and write the unvarnished histories of these same county families is another question, especially if we hoped to pay many more visits at Cheshire houses. Nor are we very certain that, if we were so bold as to make the attempt, we should set about it exactly in the way adopted by Mr. Croston. His method has been to select eleven Lancashire and Cheshire families—the Stanleys, the Egertons, the Traffords, the Warburtons, the Harringtons, the Hultons, the Grosvenors, the Mosleys, the Mainwaringes, the Heakeths, and the Davenportes—as the representatives of the two counties, and to take no notice of any others unless they happen to figure incidentally, by marriage or otherwise, in the histories of the sacred eleven. Now, there can be no question that more than half of Mr. Croston's eleven are among the leading families of the two counties; but there are families which might perhaps claim precedence of some of the others. It is obvious that the task of pointing out the families that might with advantage have been expunged from the list would be an unpleasant one, nor should we care to incur the responsibility of selecting their substitutes. At best, the list, if confined to eleven families, could not please everybody.

In his preface Mr. Croston promises "to present the leading and

ascertained facts in the annals of" the eleven "in a readable and entertaining form," and to combine "interest of detail with accuracy of statement." Readers generally fight shy of an author who begins by announcing his intention of being entertaining, and we are not prepared to guarantee that the number of people who read this massive volume from cover to cover with unabated interest will be a large one; nevertheless, an artful dipper and skipper may find considerable entertainment in turning over its leaves. Not that much skipping will be necessary in the chapter on the Stanleys, which takes up a quarter of the whole book. Of the Stanley reputation for inconstancy Mr. Croston makes no secret. He shows that the founders of both the Hooton and the Knowsley branches deserted Richard II. in his misfortunes; that Thomas, Lord Stanley, changed his colour from red to white in the Wars of the Roses some half-dozen times, eventually earning the earldom of Derby by joining the victorious side; that Edward, Earl of Derby, had "three religions to use as occasion served—the Catholic, the Protestant, and the Puritan"; and that Sir William Stanley "betrayed the trust committed to him by the English Government in the base surrender of Deventer to the King of Spain." As a set-off against all this, the author tells us of several virtuous bearers of the name of Stanley. Margaret, Countess of Derby, was renowned for her charities and her encouragement of learning. The late Dean Stanley used to speak of her recumbent effigy in Henry VII.'s chapel in Westminster Abbey as "the most beautiful and venerable figure the Abbey contained." Of the so-called Martyr Earl, again, Mr. Croston has much good to say; and he claims for the whole family that "they have, by strength of arm and power of brain, forced their way to the very front rank of the English nobility"; adding that "from age to age they have borne their part in the memorable events and stirring scenes that go to make up 'our rough island story,' and have given to their country many courageous, astute, brave, and singularly successful men, whose influence has been strongly impressed upon the nation's annals."

There is much that will interest general readers, again, in the account of the great house of Grosvenor. One of the most singular incidents in the story of this family was the celebrated dispute in the fourteenth century as to the right of the Grosvenors to bear the arms "azure a bend or." This famous suit lasted four years. Among the numerous witnesses were John of Gaunt, Owen Glendower, Geoffrey Chaucer, and many other notabilities. Countless banners, standards, monastic records and chronicles were brought into court or examined by commission in evidence. At last the court authorized Sir Robert Grosvenor to bear the disputed arms "within a bordure argent." Not content with this compromise, Sir Robert appealed to the King in person, and His Majesty appointed a commission to hear the case again and report on it to him. The matter ended in the King deciding that the Grosvenors had no right whatever to the coveted shield, even when qualified by the bordure argent. Upon this Sir Robert "took unto him the coate of azure une garbe d'Or; which his heyres and successoares have ever since borne to this present, scorning to beare the other coate with a difference." This, of course, was the origin of the name given by the present Duke of Westminster to his famous racehorse Bend Or, whose victory in the Derby was very near leading to an almost more curious lawsuit.

People so often make misstatements about the manner in which the estates of Belgravia, Tyburnia, and Pimlico came into the Grosvenor family that it may be worth observing here that they were inherited, some two hundred years ago, from a certain Alexander Davies, through his daughter, who married Sir Thomas Grosvenor. Perhaps it may scarcely be so generally known that the great Eaton estates also came into the Grosvenor family by marriage, about two hundred years earlier still, and that this accession of wealth occurred at a period when the fortunes of the family were at a very low ebb. A famous trial in which the then head of the house of Grosvenor was the plaintiff, and a prince of the blood royal the defendant, took place in the latter half of last century. Damages of 10,000*l.* were awarded against the Duke of Cumberland. A beautiful portrait, by Gainsborough, of the unfortunate cause of the Duke's misbehaviour "hangs in the ante-dining-room at Eaton."

Another queer dispute is recorded in the history of the Mainwaringes. In the reign of Charles II. Sir Peter Leycester, in his *Historical Antiquities*, doubted the legitimacy of an ancestress of the Mainwaringes, who had lived five hundred years earlier. A tremendous controversy followed, and it is said that no less than sixteen books or pamphlets were written upon the subject.

Some curious documents are to be found among the archives of certain Lancashire and Cheshire families. At Oulton there is a letter from Charles I., said to be in his own handwriting, requesting his "trusty and well-beloved Sir Rowland Egerton" to lend him 2,000*l.* "Wee greete you well," begins the King, and then he says, "Though we are unwilling in the least degree to press upon our good subjects, yet wee must obey the necessity which compells us in this publique distraction, when our owne money and revenue is seized and deteyned from us, to lay hold on anything which with God's blessing may be a meanes to preserve this kingdom; we must therefore desyre you forthwith to lend us the somme of 2,000*l.*" To prevent any shillyshallying excuses he adds that he has trusted the bearer to receive the cash, and that if the loan should be refused, "you will give us too great cause to sus-

* *County Families of Lancashire and Cheshire.* By James Croston, F.S.A. Manchester and London: John Heywood. 1887.

pect your duty and inclination both to our person and to the public peace." Several curious documents making bargains for future marriages of young children, and even unborn children, are quoted in these pages. A compact of this kind was made between the families of Trafford and Booth. The covenant is dated 6th January, 1564, and stipulates that Edmund, son of Edmund Trafford, shall marry "Margaret, daughter of the said John Booth; that in the event of Margaret dying before the consummation of the marriage, then Anne Booth, another of the daughters of the said John, and failing Anne, the next daughter, and so on from one daughter to another, 'until the marriage of one of the daughter,' then heirs of the s^d. John shall be fullie conformable &c. In like manner in default of Edmund the son, then from son to son," &c. The agreement then goes on to say that "if John Booth shall happen to have a son born, such son, and failing him the second son, and so on from one son to another, shall marry a daughter of Edmund Trafford, 'until a full and perfect marrying be hadd betweene the son and heirs of s^d. John Booth and a daughter of s^d. Edmund Trafford."

There are plenty of old letters in Lancashire and Cheshire houses about the "hunting out and unkeneling those slie and subtil foxes the Iesuites and seminarie priests." A man writing from Bolton in 1584, said "Here are great store of Jesuits, seminaries, masses, and plenty of whoredom (Romanism). This first sort our sheriff courceeth pretty well." This reminds us that Mr. Croston might have made his book more interesting and entertaining if he had carefully studied *The Records of the English Province of the Society of Jesus*, which are a mine of wealth in regard to information about Lancashire families. Indeed, we have found it difficult to resist the temptation of quoting several stories from it relating to people mentioned in *County Families of Lancashire and Cheshire*.

Mr. Croston deserves praise for his laborious and, on the whole, successful efforts, and it is in no unkind spirit that we point out one defect. We allude to his wearisome habit of repetition. For instance, on page 7, he notices the battle of Shrewsbury "at Hateley Field, three miles from Shrewsbury, under 'the busky hill' of Haughmond. . . . Hotspur fell, an arrow having pierced his brain." His followers "fled to the woods or hills." On page 127 he writes of "the bloody contest on Hateley Field, where Shakspeare's Falstaff 'fought a long hour by Shrewsbury clock.'" Again, on page 223, "At Hateley Field . . . 'the busky hill' of Shakspeare . . . Falstaff 'fought a long hour by Shrewsbury clock.'" Yet again, on page 258, "At Hateley Field . . . where Falstaff, as he declared, 'fought a long hour by Shrewsbury clock.'" When the impetuous Hotspur fell, pierced through the brain by an arrow, his followers . . . fled to their mountain fastnesses." And once more, on page 307, "The battle of Shrewsbury was fought, Hotspur was among the slain, and Glyndwr sought safety among the mountain fastnesses, &c." Most of the writing is good, but occasionally we come on such phrases as "The Duke of Gloucester, who was in the North at the time, but who is said to have entered York, &c." The persistent use of "a heires," again, strikes us as more pedantic than graceful. We hope, however, that these minor defects will not frighten people away from a book that is certainly worth reading.

TWO MEDICAL BOOKS.*

WITH regard to the first of these works, it would have appeared to many men hopeless to bring forward anything new upon the subjects treated of. But Dr. Fothergill is original in many ways, and it is pleasant to see an author abstaining from learned and difficult terms as far as possible, and speaking in language which may easily be understood by the lay world. In the new edition there are many points which have been amplified or improved in consequence of further research and experience, as well as additional matter. In writing on such a well-beaten subject it is impossible to avoid making use of the researches and discoveries of others. Dr. Fothergill freely makes use of and quotes from the works of Drs. Roberts and Murchison, at the same time handsomely acknowledging his indebtedness. But there is much original matter. The diagram on p. 8 displays and makes known, at a glance almost, the mode and process of natural healthy digestion. The chapter on "Suitable Forms of Food" is admirably written, and may be read with great interest and benefit by the general public. Then in chapter vi. are described the serious effects of mental disturbance and nervous exhaustion, with all the prominence they deserve. Chapter viii., on Diet and Drinks, should be read by every one who has the slightest desire to alleviate the sufferings of the dyspeptic, to prescribe for and cure this protean disease. Some may be startled at the novel and, according to the old school, the heretical suggestions; but the impartial and receptive mind will perceive that they are really sound common sense. The remaining chapters are descriptive of the liver and its functions. For ages this important organ has borne the burden of nearly all the unknown ailments which flesh is heir to. It has been made the scapegoat for all the errors of diagnosis; and has been made to bear the blame which

justly should have fallen on the empiric or the ignorant practitioner. Down to a very recent date the liver was considered only as the factory of the bile and the eliminator of effete material from the body; but the author has shown that it is intimately connected with indigestion and mal-assimilation, and also with the gouty condition in its widest sense.

The title of the other book will hardly commend itself to the general reader, or even the larger number of professional men; but to students and all those who are interested in comparative anatomy it will prove not only attractive and highly interesting, but calculated to convey a very large amount of information in a most agreeable way. It is evidently the outcome of an immense amount of labour and critical observation. By referring to the appendix the reader will gain some idea of the work done; but it can only be approximate, so numerous are the specimens examined and reported upon. The author evidently believes in the doctrine of evolution and progressive change as required. He proceeds on the assumption that muscle and tendon are intimately the same tissue; that from either a healthy performance of function, or, on the contrary, the loss of it, leading to increased or diminished blood supply, depends the question of the tissue becoming muscle or tendon. He has availed himself of very extensive sources of information, the results of the observations of no less than sixty writers whose names are placed alphabetically before an excellent index.

FRISIAN.*

THE recognition of the Frisian language as a special object of study, and of its linguistic independence of Dutch and Danish, dates from the end of the last century. The gratitude of Friesland is due to a Frisian scholar, T. D. Wiarda, who prepared the first dictionary of the old legal language, and found a publisher for it in 1786. Since that time many native and a few foreign students have kept alive a slight interest in Frisian, and we have at last, from the pen of a writer in California, Mr. Cummins, an English grammar of the language. At the present time the term Frisian is generically applied to all the diverse dialects spoken for one hundred and fifty miles or more each way along the coasts north and west of the estuary of the Elbe. From the Zuyder Zee to Blaavands Huk all the inhabitants of the sand-banks and marshes and low melancholy islands which make up the coast of the eastern elbow of the North Sea call themselves Frisian. They would, however, make a very respectable babel if they attempted to converse in their various tongues, the men of Sylt with the men of Franeker, and Wangeroo with Schiermonnikoog. The nearer we approach to the centre of Holland, the more does the Frisian fade into Dutch, while in Fohr and Amrum it is hardly to be distinguished from very bad Danish. Thus in Heligoland the recognized Frisian for "There was once a man and he had two sons" is:—

Diar wiar ianmål 'n man, de híd tau jongen.

This is tolerably close to the old pure Frisian, with a tinge of German. But in the dialect of Schiermonnikoog, an island lying across the mouth of the Lauwer Zee, the same sentence runs:—

D'r wier reis 'n man, in di hiea twa jonges,

which is more than half Dutch; while in Sylt, off the coast of Schleswig, the islanders say:—

En man hed tau drüünger,

which is scarcely Frisian at all, but intelligible Danish. This peculiarity has led Professor Max Müller to protest against the use of such an expression as Modern Frisian, as though it referred to a single language, like Modern Dutch or Modern German. Frisian, at the present day, is simply in relation to other languages what a cluster of asteroids is to a planet—it is a convenient term under which to collect a system of independent dialects of the same Low German family.

The only Frisian about which the makers of grammars and dictionaries can at all safely dogmatize is the aboriginal language of the district on both sides of the mouth of the Elbe, the Old Frisian of the charters and other legal documents. There is a certain amount of ancient legislative literature which is very important to philologists, and upon which the grammar of Old Frisian is founded. First of all come the famous *loddesten*, or Seventeen Rights of the Frisian People. This is the charter of *fría Frisa*, the commonwealth of free Frisians of the twelfth century, as it is believed, though great part of it is certainly not earlier than the fifteenth century. There are various Rühringer and Emsiger laws, which are likewise mediæval, and in the early half of the sixteenth century the manuscript collections of jurisprudence became numerous. This body of legal literature has been preserved to a very singular extent; for the district being one which has at no time greatly influenced the cupidity of conquerors, its archives have been unruined. As early as 1738 some of the East-Frisian laws had been edited; and in later times the labours of such men as Ehrentraut, Hettema, and Richthofen have put these fragile memorials of Frisian antiquity beyond the danger of destruction.

* *Indigestion and Biliousness*. By Dr. Fothergill, London. Second edition. London: H. K. Lewis. 1887.

Ligaments, their Nature and Morphology. By J. B. Sutton, F.R.C.S. London: H. K. Lewis. 1887.

* *A Grammar of the Old Frisian Language*. By Adley H. Cummins. Second edition. London: Trübner & Co. 1887.

Gysbert Japiks. Fryske Rymlyrige. To Freantsjer [Franeker]. By Ippius Fockens. 1853.

There is little interest to any one but the philologist in these legislative documents, and Old Frisian consists of nothing else. There are no ancient folk-songs; and, although the adventures of the personages in *Beowulf* and in *Gudrun* had much to do with the soil of Friesland, there is no trace of either saga in Frisian. There is a solitary rhymed chronicle of the end of the fourteenth century, *Thet Freske Riim*, edited by Epkema, in 1835. This we have never seen, but we can venture to judge, from the extracts which Mr. Cummins gives, that it is totally without literary and probably without historic importance. In fact, until the point where the historic Frisian language breaks up into the multitude of little dialects which we have already described, there is but one writer who has any claim to be read for his own sake. It is, perhaps, safe to presume no very general acquaintance with the one poet of Friesland among English readers, when Mr. Cummins himself vaguely speaks of Gysbert Japiks's volume as "published about 1650." The first edition of the *Rymlyere* is so extremely rare, that even a Frisian grammarian may be pardoned for not having met with it. It was published, as a matter of fact, in 1668 at Bolsward, after the death of Gysbert, and by his friend Samuel van Haringhouck. The second and larger edition of 1681, edited by Gabbema, is better known, and has been the basis of later texts. The best of these is that which we here present to our readers, brought out in 1853 under the care of Messrs. Halbertsma and Dykstra.

Gysbert Japiks (or Japicx) was a product of the period of Frisian peace and prosperity in the seventeenth century. He was born at Bolsward, a little inland town in the west of Friesland, in 1603. He is known by the patronymic Japiks, because he was the son of a certain Japik or James, but his family name was Holckama, with the almost universal Frisian termination *ma*, familiar to us in the names Hobbema and Tadema. The poet's father was a master-joiner who rose to be Burgomaster of Bolsward. The youth was encouraged to cultivate the language of his people by the learned scholar Siccama, who lived in Bolsward, and who was one of the very few people who in that day valued the relics of mediæval Frisian writing. Among the few facts which have been preserved about the uneventful career of Gysbert are that he became in middle life master of the Dutch school in his native town, and that he was precceptor in the reformed Church there. He held these offices for thirty years until his death, leading a very quiet burgher life, disturbed only by the circumstances that of his six children five died before him, and that the sole survivor was a son of prodigal habits. This son, Salves, was trained to be a surgeon, and was sent away to practise on the dreary island of Ameland, where the melancholy ocean must soon have taken the prodigality out of him. He cannot have been altogether a bad fellow; for when the plague swept through the country in 1666, on hearing that it had reached Bolsward, Salves rushed home to be near his parents, with the pathetic result that they and he perished together of the pest, and were all three laid in one grave. It is not known what profession Gysbert Japiks exercised; it has been conjectured that he was a physician.

It may probably be interesting to some of our readers to learn that the original copies of the most important of Gysbert's poems were placed very soon after his death in the Bodleian, where they were in our own day found and collated with the printed text by Halbertsma, and where, we suppose, they still remain. They were given to Oxford by the great humanist, Franciscus Junius, who spent some time in West Friesland when he was engaged on his Anglo-Saxon studies. There is even a legend that he lived two years in Bolsward, a story which is supposed to be founded on the fact that he possessed so many of the MS. writings of Gysbert Japiks. It is not, however, really certain that Gysbert and Junius ever met, although their friendship is in the highest degree probable. Why Gysbert did not publish during his lifetime is not known, especially as the 1668 edition of the *Rymlyere* shows internal evidence of being prepared for the press by the author.

The poems of Gysbert are in the Teutonic taste of his time, and suggest that he had read his German and Dutch contemporaries, Opitz and Hooff. They consist of pastorals, love-songs, psalms, didactic lyrics, and mildly facetious pieces. In the country of the blind the one-eyed is king, and Gysbert passes as a great poet in Friesland, because there are more frogs than rhymesters there. He is, however, worthy of much positive praise. His versification is varied and melodious, and his images homely but imaginative. The curious ballad called *Tesjeskmoars Sea-eangste* (Mother Tesjesk's Sorrow on the Sea), a very pathetic piece, supposed to be inspired by the agony a grandmother feels when her orphan grandson, the only comfort of her age, persists in going to sea, is a particular favourite in Friesland to the present day, and is very natural and charming. When Gustavus Adolphus fell in the eyes of all Protestant Europe, Gysbert Japiks, like other reformed poets, indited an elegy in Alexandrines on the sad occasion. Our readers may like to see a few lines from this poem as an example of the orthography as well as the language of our author:—

Nin wryld of blikme fjoer, nin rommeljende tong're,
Nin luwdrofte onwaersbui, nin pestkoal (tsjerkhôfdong're)
Broecht sok leatriljende eangst, grymgruwle, stearensneed,
As ik oer tsjutsak' in ontsjutsak' riken gjalp uwtgeat:
Doe my de Kerstnewraald all' krychsljue haed uwtsondere.
Ho faek seacht 't deiljocht my (al rinnende op in ondre)
Forsoerren all' hwet my mei grymblixtosk tsjinbiet,
In needhelp tsjienjen hwa't yn'e oermoeids earnkloer siet.

To gratify the sex, as our ancestors used to say when they

translated Latin quotations, we give the following literal version of these eight lines:—

No storm or lightning fire, no rumbling thunder,
No roaring tempest-shower, no plague (that fills the churchyards),
Brought such agony, misery, terror of death, everywhere,
As my departure has spread over German and non-Germanic realms:
For me Christendom had set at the head of all her armies.
Often the sun saw me (at his rising or his setting)
Rend asunder all that with anger raged against me,
And the helpless succour from the claws of the haughty.

Before closing we feel inclined to protest against the dignity which Mr. Cummins has given to the *Oera Linda Bok* by including extracts from it in his reading-book. It is time that this ridiculous forgery, which is in no particular dialect, and is full of grammatical blunders, should cease to be treated as literature at all. It was conclusively proved by Dr. Vinckers, in 1878, that the *Oera Linda Bok* was fabricated about thirty years before that time by a Dutchman at the Helder, who did not know Frisian, and who imitated the old law books about as skillfully as an uneducated man might have imitated *Piers the Plowman* before the days of Professor Skeat. We repeat that it is ludicrous to give passages from this trash in a serious reading-book of Old Frisian.

DICTIONARY OF MINIATURISTS.*

IN the modest but too short preface to this the first volume of his Dictionary, Mr. Bradley takes occasion to refer to the difficulties he has encountered in his attempt to "collect precise and, if possible, contemporary statements respecting early illuminated books, and the men and women who executed them." Probably no one, excepting Mr. Bradley himself, and the learned keepers of the ancient manuscript collections in the larger public libraries of Europe, will be at all able to appreciate how formidable these difficulties must have been. The varied information requisite for the compilation of an index, if only of the names of the illuminators and calligraphists, is not always easy of attainment, while, for reasons to which we will presently refer, it is certain that in respect of a large proportion of existing ancient and mediæval manuscripts these names are, and will ever remain, absolutely unknown. The cataloguers, again, whose writings Mr. Bradley has consulted do not seem to have been at all times sufficiently careful in transcribing the information they were able to obtain, but have too frequently neglected or overlooked important details of facts which must have lain ready to their hand, thus inflicting upon him the unnecessary and unwelcome labour of examining and testing their conclusions. As instances of error he refers to the "astonishing conjecture of Bandini in his suggestion that GLOVIS, the well-known device of Giuliano de' Medici, was probably the name of the miniaturist and meant Clovio"; to the persistence with which the finest miniatures in the Grimani Breviary are still attributed to Memling, as also are miniatures in the Minerva and Sciera libraries to Raffaello; and to the forged or more recently added signatures which appear upon the strips assigned to Apollonio de' Bonfratelli in the British Museum, or are found within the folios of the old Bohemian Bible at Prague.

We have said above that in respect of a large proportion of existing early manuscripts the names even of the illuminators and calligraphists will ever remain unknown; this, though especially the case with the copyists and transcribers of ancient Greek and Latin manuscripts, is not less certain of those who practised their art in more recent times, and whose works, not always of the highest merit, are preserved in English and foreign libraries. The "Scriptorium," which formed a department in perhaps every monastic or conventual establishment of importance, was chiefly tenanted by those who wrought from motives far higher and holier than the desire for mere personal advantage or reputation. To multiply copies of Holy Scripture, to provide the sacred books required by those who conducted the frequent religious services, to transcribe and adorn the precious volumes which, under the titles of Books of Hours, of Psalters, or Breviaries, were deemed worthy of acquisition by the noblest and wealthiest of the Church's sons, were to them objects of more serious interest than any honour that could be conferred upon themselves; the religious house to which they belonged, and within whose peaceful walls they passed uneventful lives, might acquire renown, but to all earthly fame they individually were indifferent. On the other hand, the art of the miniaturist was by no means limited to the Scriptorium; many of the finest existing manuscripts were the handiwork of men who, by the skilful practice of their profession, secured for themselves both profit and reputation, and who rarely omitted to inscribe their names on some folio, not always the final one, of their more successful efforts. Thus the signature of Attavante, an artist commended by Mr. Bradley as "one of the most celebrated miniaturists of his own or of any age," and to whom is assigned the famous Brussels missal, appears in more than one illuminated volume expressly executed for Matthias Corvinus, King of Hungary; five of these are preserved in the Estense Library at Modena; two are at Venice, one or more at Vienna; one, its present locality to us unknown, was described by l'Abbé Chevalier—1781—as having the inscription

* A Dictionary of Miniaturists, Illuminators, Calligraphers, and Copyists, from the Establishment of Christianity to the Eighteenth Century. By John W. Bradley, B.A. 3 vols. Vol. I. London: Quaritch. 1887.

"Actavantes de Actavantibus de Florentia hoc opus illuminavit A.D. MCCCCLXXXV." Other illuminated books were avowedly executed under the immediate direction or to the order of some noble or distinguished patron; and, if they are not always signed, they may generally speaking be correctly attributed. Such were "Le Roman du Roy Charles Martel, et de ses successeurs," the "Chronique de France"—both preserved at Brussels—and the "Romans de trois fils de Roy," a large folio of 1436, now in the National Library at Paris, written under the direction of Philip le Bon, Duke of Burgundy, by David Aubert, who is described as one of his "grossoyeurs" (engrossers or calligraphists). More than one of these "grossoyeurs" acquired considerable and well-deserved recognition; such were Andrieu Beau-Neveu, who in the inventory of the manuscripts in the possession of the Duc de Berry is styled "Enlumineur du duc Jehan de Berry," and others who are referred to by Vasari; still there were many of whom no trustworthy record as miniaturists has been yet discovered, and whose reputation is preserved to us chiefly by the larger or more important works which have been traditionally assigned to them. As, for example, the family of the Van Eycks, Hubert Jan, and Margaretha, all of whom, according to Dr. Waagen, though his conclusion is not accepted by Mr. Bradley, worked on the Breviary of the Duke of Bedford, a volume now in the National Library at Paris; and Jean de Mabuse, to whose hand Thausing attributes many of the most exquisitely finished miniatures in the Grimani Breviary.

We may here be permitted to inquire, certainly in no spirit of captious criticism, whether our author has not somewhat unnecessarily extended his task by the inclusion of artists of later date who are, *par excellence*, portrait-painters in miniature, and who are already catalogued by Redgrave and others. We are well aware that no history of miniature painting can be complete without ample reference to the eminent "painters in little" who flourished from the time of Hilliard, temp. Reg. Eliz., to that of Cosway and others who died only during the present century; but Mr. Bradley's work is not so much a history of art as a Dictionary of its earliest patrons and professors; and we think that a line might have been drawn, not perhaps with too great rigidity, between the men who devoted their lives to the production or decoration of manuscripts, or, as during the earlier days of the press, to the ornamentation of printed books, and those artists of greater or less renown whose chief, if not whose only, aim was portraiture; who at first using only the opaque colours of the missal painter, and working in conjunction with the jeweller and the goldsmith, availed themselves, as their art progressed, of more and more transparent colours; at one time working upon thin card or vellum, at another upon polished surfaces of metal, or, as early in the fifteenth century, by a newly-discovered process, upon enamel, until, in the reign of James II., they learned to substitute ivory for vellum or paper, gaining in the exchange, by the creamy whiteness of surface, a more delicate complexion and increased beauty of colour. There is ample room for a comprehensive catalogue of these, the legitimate successors of the early miniaturists and illuminators, and there is already, we believe, a competent gleaner in the field, whose work will, at perhaps no distant date, be in the hands of the publishers. Such a catalogue would include names not recorded by Mr. Bradley—*e.g.* the Beales, of whom the elder, Maria, deceased in 1697, is referred to by Walpole, while her sons, Charles and Bartholomew, are known to have painted before the close of the seventeenth century. Charles Boit, who settled in London in 1683 and died in 1726, is another whose name is not entered by Mr. Bradley; fourteen examples of his work were seen in the 1865 Exhibition at South Kensington. Thomas Forster, who practised in the last years of the seventeenth century and in the early eighteenth, also omitted in this Dictionary, and Benjamin Foulton, not mentioned by Bryan, who died in 1599, and whose portraits of Gabrielle d'Estrées and her two children are, or were, in the Duc d'Aumale's collection. All these, and others we could name, would very properly appear in a dictionary of portrait-painters in miniature, which might be brought down almost to the present day, and whose art relationship to the earlier miniaturists is rather inferential than specially apparent.

However meagre and imperfect may be the records of the ancient and mediæval illuminators and calligraphists—and we need only refer to the Indexes of Zani or to this volume of Mr. Bradley's to see how unsatisfactory these records may be—the manuscripts upon which they worked, and which are still preserved to us, are extraordinarily numerous and often of surpassing beauty and interest. The bibliophile may regret—as who does not?—that so many precious relics of a bygone age should have been defaced or wilfully destroyed; though he may regard the tradition as apocryphal, he is not unmoved by the even suggested annihilation of the Library at Alexandria. He has no words to express his abhorrence of the barbarous treatment accorded to monastic and Church libraries in the days of the Reformation, and can even bring himself to believe that the Reformation itself was too dearly purchased at so great a price; he holds in unmeasured contempt and abhorrence the whole fraternity of the monks of Mount Athos, who, as related by Curzon, used priceless manuscripts, folios and quartos, as footstools to keep their dirty feet from the chilling pavement; he knows that the spirit of iconoclasm has not yet departed; that careless handling, or reckless or ignorant mutilation, is ever tending to destroy treasures which can never be replaced.

A dictionary of calligraphists and illuminators is not necessarily

a mere record of the lives of men and women, about whom, apart from their profession, there can be little to interest us; on the contrary, in every direction in which investigation is pursued fresh sources of information are disclosed, and perpetual episodes of unexpected mediæval history will be found to brighten, and in another sense to that in which we have used the word, to illuminate our labours. What pleasanter page, for instance, could be written than that which tells of the intelligent patronage of literature and art evinced by the beautiful and cultivated Princess Elizabeth, daughter of Stephen II., Duke of Ingoldstadt, in Bavaria? At the early age of fourteen she came to Paris, shortly to become the wife of the young, afterwards, through mental alienation, the unfortunate, Charles VI. of France. From the day when Elizabeth, or, as she afterwards signed herself and was more generally known, Isabella, became Queen, she appears to have commanded the respectful homage not of courtiers alone, but of the learned doctors of the University of Paris, who found no tribute so acceptable as the illuminated Missals and Hours which they were delighted to supply; and which in the earlier days of her married life were as much appreciated by her husband as by herself. Two years only after her marriage—1387—we are told that she caused to be made a "coffret," or case of wood covered with leather, in which when she travelled she might carry with her her more precious books and romances. "Books," as Mr. Bradley is here careful to inform us, were books of devotion, Hours, &c., in Latin, while "Romances" were these and books of other kinds written in French or "Romance." A few years later—1393—her collection had become so important that she found it necessary to appoint as librarian one of her ladies, Catharine de Villiers, Dame du Quesnoy. In 1398 she presents a little book of Hours to her daughter Jeanne, which cost 11 livres 2 sous; another book she gives to a favourite maid of honour. The names of some of the artists whom she employed are recorded, as Jean de Chastillon, "escrivain de lettre de fourme"—*i.e.* one who wrote in the fine, formal hand used in large and important works—and Pierre le Portier, another "escrivain de lettre de fourme," who wrote and illuminated a "Vie Sainte Marguerite," and others, and with their names we learn not only the titles of the books they produced, but their dates, and the prices paid for them; and that we may not be uninformed as to the constant use to which these books were put, we find, too, an account, dated 1394, of the payment of 32 *sols parisis* to a certain Jehan Aubert—possibly the father of the miniaturist David Aubert to whom we have before referred—an "ymagier d'ivoire," "pour la vente d'une absconce d'ivoire, achetée de lui pour mettre la chandelle quand la reine dit ses heures." The collection was unhappily dispersed after the death of Charles VI.; but many of the finer volumes are preserved in the larger public libraries, as in London, Brussels, Munich, and at Paris. More than one of these is inscribed as having been presented to Isabella by the poetess Christine de Pisan. A volume in the British Museum—Harl. 4431—is so inscribed; it is a lovely book, worthy both of the recipient and the donor, profusely ornamented with miniatures, initials, vignettes, and borders.

We will close our remarks by expressing a hope that Mr. Bradley and his publisher will find this first volume in such demand that they will be induced to continue the publication, and that meanwhile those who are competent to assist will, as invited by Mr. Bradley in his preface, "contribute information or criticism towards a more ample or correct edition, such as can only be accomplished by the united labours of specialists."

THE CHINESE AND THEIR PREDECESSORS.*

PROFESSOR DE LACOUPERIE has a grudge against the Chinese. They are much too bumptious, he complains, fond of exaggerating the antiquity of their State, given to despising the aborigines who dwell scattered throughout the eighteen provinces, and to boasting of the independent evolution of their language, literature, and civilization. Of crimes of this kind Celestials are undoubtedly guilty, and so are many other folk of so-called superior races. But, curiously enough, if the Professor's theory of their origin be true, the good opinion they entertain of themselves would seem to be by no means ill-founded. Twenty-three centuries before the beginning of the present era, he says, they made their appearance in the province of Kansuh. For forty centuries, therefore, according to the theory, they have led an independent and isolated existence, and may fairly claim to be justified in ascribing their civilization to their own efforts, and in regarding as inferior the aboriginal races who have dwelt in their midst for thousands of years without profiting by their example. Professor de Lacouperie appears to accept what passes as history with the Chinese so far as it suits his theory to do so, while rejecting the conclusions they themselves draw from it. History, however, cannot be sifted after this fashion, or critically judged, in the absence of State documents and contemporary records, save with the aid of those two potent instruments of modern historical research, archaeology and what may be termed geographical etymology, the application of which during the last twenty or thirty years has made the history of the venerable Empires of the two great river lands common knowledge.

In relation to the Chinese the latter of these methods cannot be employed with advantage, owing principally to the circumstance

* *The Languages of China before the Chinese.* By Terrien de Lacouperie, Professor of Indo-Chinese Philology, University College, London. London: David Nutt. 1887.

that the language is destitute of an alphabet. With the former method the case is different; but it is doubtful whether its application will ever be possible save on a most limited scale. With the exception of the Great Wall—the least eloquent of historical monuments, though the vastest ever raised by the hand of man, despite the cruel doubts recently cast upon its existence—not a vestige of any kind—tomb, fort, or shrine, not a slab or column—has so far been discovered to attest the ancient annals of the Empire. Not a single inscription has been brought to light within the wide bounds of the Middle Kingdom dating further back than the fifth or sixth century of the present era; for the so-called Shang and Chow inscriptions cannot be regarded as genuine. Nor is the literature of China of much avail for the investigation of her primitive history. Judging by analogy, it is unlikely that the art of writing should have been long known when Confucius compiled—whatever he did compile. Five centuries elapsed after his death before paper was invented, and more than ten before books were multiplied by printing from blocks. Up to the second or third century what literature China possessed was painfully incised upon bamboo tablets, not one of which appears to have been in existence when the Sung ruled, from which period date most of the extant texts of the older literature. The Shu classic narrates events of which the latest occurred two hundred years before the supposed compiler of the work, Confucius, was born. Of the great chronicle of Szmata'ien only a portion has been preserved, full of fabulous matter, such as the description of a vast underground palace of one of the early Emperors, in the midst of excavated gardens adorned with ponds of quicksilver. Yet some sinologues persist in regarding as credible histories these and similar comparatively late compilations of vague traditions variously glossed, added to and embellished by the compilers, as little worthy of the name of history as the Japanese *Kojiki* or the chronicles of the Milesian kings and Pictish monarchs. Professor de Lacouperie, however, does not rest his theory of the Chinese migration across Asia, in the twenty-third century before Christ, merely upon the Chinese annals; which do not, indeed, contain the slightest allusion to any such tremendous march from west to east, not less opposed to the course of history than to that of the sun, as Wordsworth may have felt when he wrote that

Stepping westwards seemed to be
A kind of heavenly destiny.

He appears mainly to rely upon a resemblance between the syllable "peh" or "pak" of the expression "pehsing," or the Hundred Families, a collective compound used by a common idiom to designate the whole people, and the syllable "Bak" or "Bakh," preserved in the name "Bactria." This, upon grounds too technical to set forth here, must be taken to be a mere phonetic resemblance of no value whatever, philological or historical. There are, it is true, certain customs and beliefs of the Chinese which are not inconsistent with this transasian migration theory, but they afford no proof of it, and can be otherwise explained. The difficulties of the theory, on the other hand, are many and weighty. It involves, for instance, to allude to one only, the admission that the Chinese practised the art of writing, which they are supposed to have brought with them from their Bactrian home, for some two thousand years without producing more than two or three works deemed worthy, small as their real value is, of preservation by Confucius or his literary successors, such as that farrago of rubbish the Yih King, the collection of ballads known as the Shiking, and the Chow Ritual, which last, however, is probably a post-Confucian compilation. What data exist, almost wholly of a linguistic character, bearing upon the origins of the Chinese, point most clearly to South-Eastern Asia, to the non-Malayan tract of the Chersonese, as the fatherland of the race. Whether or not language was primordial monosyllabic is a moot question. But no stage of Chinese speech is known in which it was not more monosyllabic than at any later stage, and Professor de Lacouperie's denial of its fundamentally monosyllabic nature must be based upon merely general considerations. In this characteristic, in its lack of agglutinative and inflective power, and in its tonality it closely resembles the Chersonesian languages, and differs from all other forms of speech. Even the vocabularies of the two stocks show affinities not discoverable between either of them and surrounding tongues; for the similarities that have been traced between Chinese and Sanskrit on the one hand, and more recently between Chinese and Japanese on the other, appear to be altogether fanciful and unscientific. Now it is easy to imagine, though doubtless difficult to prove, Chersonesian migrations into the two Kwang, where the oldest extant form of Chinese is still spoken, and along the valley of the River of Golden Sand to the upper waters of the Hwangho in Kansuh, and the vast delta through which the great river reaches the sea. There is no need to assume that these emigrants took with them the art of writing. What evidence there is on the point goes to show, as we have said, that the art had not been long known when Confucius talked philosophy in Lu, some half century before Socrates did the same in the public places of Athens. The Bactrian migration is inadmissible, but it may well be that the elements of Egyptian picture-writing, after reaching the plains of Shinar, were borne, amid the restless shiftings of Central Asiatic peoples, to the north-west frontier of China, where, in the peculiar character of the language, the script would find unequalled opportunity for development.

A signal instance of the intrinsic power and superiority of Chinese civilization is furnished by the sinicisation of Manchuria, which has been effected during the last two decades, and now

threatens to abolish the very language of the conquerors of China. Nevertheless, the Chinese have not everywhere dominated or absorbed the kindred races that preceded them in the occupation of the Flowery Land, and what are probably variously mingled remnants of these races endure to the present day, preserving more or less of their aboriginal independence. Their languages form the main subject of the present book. But Professor de Lacouperie's data, which he admits to be "of the most scanty description," are altogether too meagre to support the elaborate systems he has constructed with them. They consist of a few vocabularies, all extremely brief—some containing a dozen words only, or even less—collected from Chinese sources or the narratives of European travellers. The former category are of no value whatever, the philological quality of the latter is not high. The prehistoric languages of forty centuries ago, of which the existence and character are based upon these modern and meagre remains, are arranged in three series, having affinities respectively with the Siamese, the Annamite, and the Shan dialects. Professor de Lacouperie prints only a small portion of the vocabularies, so that it is impossible to criticize his mode of dealing with them. Generally it may be said that his linguistic constructions are altogether out of proportion to his materials. He makes his bricks not only without straw, but almost without clay. The strongly marked Chinese complexion of his data makes one wonder that he should have wandered to the other end of Asia in search of the ancestors of the Chinese. The volume may be regarded as a kind of extended bibliography, which future inquirers into the philology of the tonal monosyllabic languages will find extremely useful. No study is better calculated to lead to the solution of the primary problems of human speech. But it is one of the most difficult with which philologists can concern themselves, and those who do so must be content for long years to come with the in-gathering of materials for their successors to deal with. If Professor de Lacouperie could be induced to let the pre-Chinese alone for a time, accept the Chersonesian origin of the Chinese, and disabuse himself of the notion that tonality is an adventitious incident of language, instead of being, as it almost certainly is, a survival of the emotional element that must have been the main one of primitive speech, his enthusiasm and special endowments might enable him to achieve great results in the domain of Far Eastern philology.

UNIVERSAL HISTORY.*

A SUBJECT so vast as the history of all civilized peoples at all periods can scarcely be handled to good purpose in three moderately sized volumes, except by portraying the general aspects it presents at successive epochs as boldly as possible, and treating individual facts as wholly subsidiary to them. This method has not been adopted in the volumes before us; and though each of them, as the work of a different author, has its special characteristics, all three are deficient in breadth of view, deal far too much with details, and, as the exigencies of space have rendered it impossible to record these details with any degree of life or picturesque power, are for the most part intolerably heavy reading. Each volume is divided into periods, and these again are subdivided according to countries, so that the history of each nation is given separately and in disjointed pieces. The unity of history, and the connexion of the progress or decay of one portion of the human race with the progress of the whole, are sacrificed to an attempt to give a clear idea of the events that happened in each country. Far less, of course, is lost by this plan in the first volume, which is devoted to ancient history, than in the other two, and much of Professor Rawlinson's work is arranged as conveniently as possible. He begins at the beginning, with the Creation, and presents in comparatively few pages a summary of all that has yet been discovered concerning the most ancient monarchies of the world. His sketches of Grecian and Roman history are skilfully written; and, unlike the earlier portions of his work, might well have been more filled in. The succession of Egyptian monarchs, most of whom we shall never know much about, is scarcely worth dwelling on at any length in a book that should be chiefly devoted to exhibiting the connexion between the ancient and the modern world, especially as insufficient space is left for a picture of the many-sided life of Athens or of the dealings of Rome with the peoples she conquered. Nor does it seem likely that the statement that *Ramesses II.* "added pylons and colossi to the temple of Ptah at Memphis" will convey any special idea or be of any particular value to readers who take their history from manuals. Mediæval history, which is interpreted here as extending from the death of Theodosius the Great to the fall of Constantinople, is dealt with by Professor G. T. Stokes, who at the heads of his sections and elsewhere makes some show of giving authorities for his work—"contemporaneous authorities" according to the publishers, who obligingly supply prefaces to these volumes. In the case of the section on France between 1060 and 1328, to take an

* *A Sketch of Universal History.* 3 vols. Vol. I. *Ancient History.* By George Rawlinson, M.A., Camden Professor of Ancient History in the University of Oxford, Canon of Canterbury. Vol. II. *Mediæval History.* By G. T. Stokes, D.D., Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the University of Dublin. Vol. III. *Modern History.* By Arthur St. George Patton, B.A., Professor of English Literature, Alexandra College, London: Deacon & Co. 1887.

example haphazard, the "authorities" cited are, "in English, Gibbon and Milman; in French, Sismondi and Michelet." Some of Dr. Stokes's statements, however, must, we imagine, be wholly independent and original. Although Simon de Montfort, the crusader, inherited an English earldom, we never remember seeing him called "the Englishman" before; nor were we prepared for the announcement that the kingdom of Naples was transferred from the House of Anjou to Aragon by the Sicilian Vespers. The remark that Alexius Comnenus was "the nearest approach to a great emperor we can discern among the later emperors" strikes us as hard on John and Manuel, his son and grandson. And, to come to English history, it would be interesting to know the exact meaning that the author wishes his readers to attach to his declaration that in 1295 the barons and clergy were summoned to Parliament "by special writ." Does he imagine that every clergyman that sat in Parliament received a writ of summons? Professor Patton's attempt to summarize the history of the world from 1453 to the present day in about five hundred pages is in all respects superior to this unfortunate production. While, however, it contains a vast number of facts, for the most part well selected and plainly and accurately stated, it fails to give any clear idea of the general character of the different periods with which it deals; indeed, the plan of arrangement common to the series effectually prevents any unity of treatment. For this, however, he must not be held responsible; and, though we do not perceive any particular signs of thought or historical ability in his book, it nevertheless deserves some praise as a carefully executed piece of work.

NEW MUSIC.

WE have received from Messrs. Novello & Ewer Mr. Frederick Cowen's dramatic oratorio *Ruth*. The music is very clearly printed, but would it not be possible for the words to be given in larger and blacker type? It is quite impossible to make them out with even strong sight at a little distance from the piano-desk without spectacles. *Ruth*, which is a very beautiful and by this time extremely popular composition, has its words selected from Scripture by Mr. Joseph Bennett, an adept in this style of libretto-writing. He knows exactly where to choose his words, and how to string majestic Biblical sentences together without losing sense, whilst shaping the whole into a dramatic and interesting sequence.

Of lighter compositions we have received a great number, some few of which are above the average, but the majority are best described as "made" rather than "composed," standing in the same relation to real musical compositions that "book-maker's" work does to genuine authorship. By far the best of the songs are "Thou art Mine," by Frederick L. Lohr, which has an exceptionally graceful and original melody, very well harmonized, and "Angel Land," by Signor Ciro Pinsuti, the opening phrase of which is pretty, but the remainder decidedly commonplace. Both these songs are published by Giovanni Ricordi, who also sends us a new song by Tosti, "At the Convent Gate," which is written in his well-known manner, and not as original as either "Good-bye" or "For Ever and for Ever," although it recalls both these famous songs.

The London Publishing Company (Limited) is to be congratulated on the publication of "Kalekairi," by Mr. Claud Barton, as original as it is artistic. The accompaniment is graceful, and altogether it is by far the most striking ballad of the season. Lady Barton's song, "The Golden Gate," describes a ship on fire, but the words and the music are somewhat at variance, and it is not a very interesting work.

By no means well harmonized or arranged are a duet by Vernon Rey, entitled "The Seraph's Crown," and "Night and Morning," a song by the same composer. The *arias* of both seem to have been suggested by other and more deserving works, and even in the art of stringing these reminiscences together "Vernon Rey" has not displayed much ability. "The Mystic Melody," by Theo Bonheur, is pretty, but not original. Far better, because wholly unpretentious, is "Tripping through the Meadows," by Michael Watson, a simple, bright little song, which can be cordially recommended to teachers. A commonplace martial song by Lovett King, entitled "A Soldier's Vow," is also published by Messrs. Osborn & Tuckwood. The same house issues two nice little drawing-room pieces for the piano by Boggetti, "Fairy Frolics" and "The Royalists' March," admirably suited to the purpose for which they were evidently written—namely, to please young beginners who can thereby at an early stage of their artistic career create a certain and even brilliant effect with very little practice. "Genista," by Celia Kottann, and "Minuet de Napoléon," by Jules Thérèse, are two pretty gavottes—bearing a strong family resemblance, however, to a score or so of other like compositions with which the music market has been deluged of late.

The Cornet Treasury, by Celia Kottann (Messrs. Osborn & Tuckwood), is a useful collection of graduated pieces for the cornet, mostly arranged from modern compositions. The London Music Publishing Company also publishes two new pieces for the violin and piano by Marie Milard Arnes, both excellent for teaching purposes.

The ever-increasing army of banjoists will find *The Banjo* a very useful collection of popular songs, comic and serious, arranged with accompaniment of the "dulcet guitar of

the sunny South," and sufficiently easy to give pleasure without much waste of energy or practice. It is also one of Messrs. Osborn & Tuckwood's recent publications.

The latest dance music includes a capital polka by Ernest Travers (London Music Publishing Company), entitled "Feuille d'Amour," and that amazingly popular polka, "Juggins," by Fred J. Eustia, with which every street Arab and organ-grinder is just now only too familiar. Be this as it may, "Juggins" is spirited and original, and, as the French say, *très dansant*. It is issued by Messrs. Hopwood & Crewe.

"Aida" is a graceful waltz and not at all difficult to play, by Mr. St. John Caws. It is published by Messrs. W. Morley & Co., and is likely to become popular.

COOKERY BOOKS.*

MRS. BLACK is of the West End Training School of Cookery, Glasgow, and "a diplomée of South Kensington." These distinctions excite in us a gentle melancholy. For it has been said that the effect of culture is not so much to teach the cultured one what he or she shall do as what he or she may at no price do. In the former respect Mrs. Black has learned much; in the latter she has learned very little. For instance, she gives for "tomato salad" a receipt in which two tablespoonfuls of vinegar appear to a beggarly half-spoonful of oil, while in what she calls "English salad" equal quantities of vinegar and Tarragon vinegar balance oil and cream. It is true that in her "plain salad" (which is a good one) a dessert-spoonful of vinegar plays a not more than natural part to one tablespoonful of oil and the same of cream (though, for our part, we doubt cream in a salad); but the two instances previously quoted (and they are two out of four) pander in the most discreditable manner to the Betsy Prig and Sarah Gamp tradition that the essence of a salad is vinegar. It is the more wicked, in the case of tomato, that that excellent vegetable has plenty of natural acid of its own, and certainly does not want to be flooded with the detestable chemicals which do duty for vinegar in almost every English—nay, in almost every European—household. We are made the more unhappy by these followings of the multitude to do evil that the bulk of Mrs. Black's book is very good. The Prigs and Gamps of the future will quote her and say, Does not Mrs. Black say that we may lap vinegar off our knives? (for that is what it comes to, and we may as well remark that this appetite for vinegar is apparently part of the malediction of Eve) and you know that she can give good receipts. So she can. Her *suprême de volaille* would have satisfied Harry Foker; her Marengo chicken is as good as most prescriptions for that difficult and for obvious reasons rarely satisfactory dish. And it is agreeable to see that after many years it is becoming at last accepted among British cooks that a curry is not necessarily or properly a slop of gravy. What Mrs. Black calls "Roman pie" is highly commendable, but she has not got to the bottom (more strictly to the middle) of "Simmel cake." As a rule, however, her sweets are as commendable as becomes a daughter of Scotland, where they half live on sweets, and her savouries are frequently to match. If only she had not committed that sin about the vinegar!

Mrs. Clarke's *High-class Cookery*, though it has not a nice title, is already known to be a good book. The Lady Superintendent of the South Kensington School of what a gifted but mistaken man called a Coarse Art (he was punished *par où il avait péché*, poor man! and was a martyr to dyspepsia) knows both the theory and the practice of one of the highest of the practical sciences—a science, indeed, much higher than many of the things falsely so called. Her consommés have been well spoken of from of old time, though we cannot help thinking that colouring quenelles and such like things of different hues is but a vain show. "You may have such things in tarts," or words to that effect, said the wisest of mankind, and a severer sarcasm, though he did not mean it, on the prostitution of the noble savoury could not be devised. Her savouries proper are neither many nor obtrusively new, but very good, and her sauces (which are apt to be very much cut and dried in the average book) are thoroughly practical. She is also good at fish, though we doubt—we very vehemently doubt—the propriety of putting toast sippets in water zootje. And it would be well to warn the inexperienced cook that "a teaspoonful each of horse-radish, shalot-wine, cayenne sauce, and walnut ketchup" will be sufficient for a large dish of fish (the quantity is not mentioned here), and that if such a seasoning were used, say, for a few slips or a perch or two, the pure fish flavour, only slightly heightened, which is of the essence of a zootje, would be drowned. But by far the most interesting part of the book is the addition of a section of "Indian Dishes," derived from a "Native" at the Colonial Exhibition. The recipe for curry powder is interesting, though the proportion of poppy

* *Superior Cookery*. By Mrs. Black. London and Glasgow: Collins.

High-class Cookery Recipes. By Edith Clarke. Second Edition. London: Clowes.

Cookery for an Income of 200l. a Year. By Mrs. Warren. London and Derby: Bemrose.

Entrées à la mode. By Mrs. de Salis. London: Longmans & Co.

Economical French Cookery for Ladies. By "Cordon Bleu." London: Virtue.

Light Diet for Invalids. By Dr. H. W. Senger. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.

seed seems alarming. But, after all, if one did go to sleep after a good curry, the dream would probably be pleasant. All the curry prescriptions themselves deserve reading and trying, though we ourselves rather question the advisableness of including anything of the tough vegetable kind, such as gherkins or green ginger. The devilled almonds, too, are unnecessarily complicated; they are never better than when simply soaked in milk, and heated with cayenne in a pan. But there is a really lovely thing called "mollet" (at least so the "Native" called it, though no pundit has been able to explain the word to Mrs. Clarke's satisfaction). It is a kind of sublimed kedgerree, and we mention it specially to send people to Mrs. Clarke, who deserves to be known to more than deserve to know her.

Mrs. Warren so long ago established her reputation as a specialist in the distribution of incomes of that particular amount which seems to be in England the normal amount of a "small" income that a cookery-book for two-hundred-pounders must long ago have been one of her things to be done in due time. No doubt we shall have "Books that have helped me to two hundred a year." "How shall a man with two hundred a year be saved?" and so forth. Meanwhile the cookery-book will do as well as another. The excellent Mrs. Warren has, it is true, not exactly a superfluity of clearness. That "some spinach is younger and more tender than another kind" is a rather Thucydidean construction; for though young spinach of one kind may no doubt be more tender than young spinach of another kind, it is not quite clear how variety can affect age. Still more remarkable is the warning (quite sound in itself) that "garlic, shalot, and spices if put into cold water give a disgusting flavour, *some more than disagreeable*." Sometimes, too, the matter as well as the style is debatable, as when the author describes "very sour wine" as part of the diet of a French family. When will the average Briton or Britoness have discovered that a sound ordinaire is not "sour" at all? With the actual receipts, however, there is no fault to find; they are very practical, and will doubtless be serviceable.

Mrs. de Salis's *Savouries à la Mode* were (as she records with modest pride) well, and deservedly well, received, and she has done well to follow them with another little book of a similar kind. We are sorry to see that she adopts the detestable and very modern snobishness of "serviette," which deserves in reality all the abuse which silly people throw on the use of French words in general. Let us use French words just as often as we please when there is no exact English equivalent. But for Heaven's sake let us not be ashamed of good old English ones. The "Indian puffs," or shrimp talmouses, which open the book are desirable little things. We do not approve of the use of the word *financière* for any compound that has not got cockscombs in it, but the "ragoût financière" at the end, as the Indian puffs are at the beginning, should be good. "Cutlets à la Bretonne" may be recommended to those who like haricot beans; there are who do not. But the fact is that there is an abundance of good things in the book.

The exceedingly self-satisfied lady who calls herself "Cordon Bleu" on her title-page and "Emilie Lebour-Fawssett" in her preface, appears to regard herself as having been sent from Heaven (that is to say, France) to lighten the darkness of our English ways. Far be it from us to say that England still has not something to learn from France in the way of cooking. But the darkness is really not quite so black as Mme. Lebour-Fawssett appears to imagine. She describes the hopeless struggles of an English friend who could not make out what "faire revenir" means, and she herself takes a page, or nearly so, to explain it, without giving any exact English equivalent. Yet "parboil in fat" meets all the requirements at once. It is interesting to know that "my half-sister's own uncle" had something to do with the invention of "consommé à l'impératrice." But, even from so distinguished a person as that uncle's niece's half-sister, we must decline to accept the information that "escarole" is "Batavian lettuce." The lettuce of the Batavians we know not; but we do know that "escarole," or "scarole," is Batavian *endive*. We rub our eyes, we confess, when the excellent lady talks of *salade Russe* as if it had only been a popular dish in France for two or three years. Perhaps it may be so in Paris; in benighted London it has been familiar for a good deal longer. It is not such a very extraordinary thing to be able to detect plaice filets sent for sole. We should imagine that any one who had sense to keep himself from walking on all fours could do it, the texture of the two fish being utterly different. Also Jodelle (if we must have literature in cookery-books) was not "a writer of the first part of the seventeenth century." Also it is not true that you "never or seldom see a vol-au-vent on an English table." Also it is impossible to make a more unlucky translation of "gigot de pré salé" than "Welsh leg of mutton." No doubt "pré salé" is, in the main, a term of fantasy; but a salt-marsh can never by any chance be a hillside. Also, "écrevisse" is not a "river crab," or anything at all like a crab. After mentioning these little matters—which would hardly need mention if "Cordon Bleu" had had a little more of that virtue which, even in the great, is pleasing; to wit, modesty—we may observe that her book, though unnecessarily pretentious and full of talker talker, contains generally sound principles and very good rules of practice. There is a rough sketch of soup made with the end of a pheasant and some mutton which has touches of genius; and all our old friends—soubise soup, sole au gratin, that "quite recent innovation" the *salade Russe*, gibelottes, navarins, and so forth—are discussed and explained intelligently and fully.

Although Dr. Seager's work on invalid diet is a mere pamphlet,

it is a most valuable one. Indeed, we have seldom seen anything better of the kind. Some suggestions as to artificial administrations of food in severe illness might perhaps have been omitted, because they are unnecessary to the trained nurse or doctor and not suitable for carrying out by any one else. But this is a detail. Elsewhere Dr. Seager's remarks are likely to be invaluable in the sick-room and in the nursery. He has borrowed largely, and acknowledged his borrowings fully. Dealers in condensed milk will not like the decidedly humorous description of that article of commerce as "a substance sold in tins, said to be prepared from milk, neither wholesome nor palatable, but largely employed to ruin the digestion of babies, for whom it is sometimes a convenient and unsuspected poison." The sketches of varied milk diet here are very good, and so are the soups and jellies. The most refreshing article in the book, however, is that on drinks, which will be read by the Reverend Dawson Burns and his tribe with unquenchable fury. While making all necessary reserves, and even laying down perhaps too roundly that "alcohol should *never* be given to children," Dr. Seager asserts as roundly, and still more truly, that "wine is one of the best tonics in existence," and prophesies that it will not be long before medical men revert to prescribing it freely. In short, there is a power of wisdom in the little book, which in small space runs through the dietetic properties of almost all usual food.

RAN AWAY FROM THE DUTCH.*

NO modern book of adventure is more exciting in its way than this story of the escape of four men from the harsh rule of the Dutch in Borneo. The author is well acquainted, not only with the country itself, but with the customs and life of the inhabitants, and he weaves some of their most bloody rites and ceremonies skilfully into his tale. The book is not too long and the interest is sustained up to the end, partly from the ingenious device of making one of the party, a Belgian, given to intoxicating drinks when he can get them. His indiscretions at such moments cause his companions much anxiety, and frequently occasion them great trouble. The episode of the head-hunters is blood-curdling enough even for boys who have been accustomed to fights in *Treasure Island* or weird mummy dances in *She*. Very clever, too, is the way in which the Sumatra man prevents his European friends from outraging the feelings of the natives, by interlarding with their ceremonies; for instance, when he insists on their leaving the caged woman to her fate, demonstrating that they could do her no good, and would ensure their own destruction. One of the Swiss declines to accept this reasoning, and steals out in the night to set the victim free; but the poor thing does not understand what is demanded of her, and does not know what to do with her freedom, so remains amid her loosened fetters, and awaits her fate with dignity. After this episode it is a relief to turn to a description of marriage rites among the Dayaks, for the Swiss dare not refuse the offer of the chief or Porman to give him his sister, only, contrary to what is usual in such cases, the young lady does not sacrifice herself for her lover before he leaves the island, but comes to Europe and becomes civilized. We need not follow the fugitives through all their hairbreadth escapes, from crocodiles, bees, poisoned weapons, an infuriated government, or an enraged savage. Everything is related with spirit, and often with humour—a quality frequently absent from books of this kind. Only it is a pity that, when writing of a region so very unfamiliar as the island of Borneo, the author did not append a map of the many rivers and districts that are mentioned, and also a glossary of the native names and expressions. Dayak appellations are strange to European eyes; and too often the author has little mercy on the ignorance of his public, and leaves his readers to gather the sense of these outlandish-looking words from the context—if they can manage to do so. The pictures are not of very much assistance in explaining either the story or the scenery. They are executed by some smudgy kind of process, and it is often impossible to gather whether the Dayaks are standing on grass, rock, or desert—or, indeed, whether they are on dry land at all. It may be that these blemishes are the fault of the engraver, and not of the artist; but, as they now stand, the story would be better without them. From first to last, however, the book is most amusing, and the amount of information it conveys incidentally is by no means to be despised.

GASCOIGN AND PRINCE HENRY.†

THE received story, as reported by Shakspeare and others, of the committal to prison of Henry of Monmouth, afterwards King as Henry V., has been several times disputed as false, and still more often narrated as true. Strange to say, hitherto neither objector nor assenter has, so far as we know, gone into the question

* *Ran Away from the Dutch*. By M. T. H. Perelaer. Translated by Maurice Blok, and adapted by A. P. Mendes. London: Sampson Low & Co.

† *Chronicles of an Old Inn*. By Andrée Hope. London: Chapman & Hall, 1887.

Transactions of the Royal Historical Society. New Series. Vol. III. London: Longmans, 1886.

at issue scientifically. The task, whichever side we take, is a difficult one; and when we examine the first paper in which it has been treated adequately, it is easy to see that the difficulty of proving a negative is greater even than might have been expected. Mr. Solly-Flood, Q.C., lately Attorney-General at Gibraltar, has investigated in a paper—the dryness of which, by the way, is beyond belief—all the forms of the story, and all the evidences for and against its authenticity; the result being a stupendous and monumental examination of ancient records and modern compilations, which, if it was actually read, and not merely “taken as read,” by the Royal Historical Society in November 1885, must have produced a profoundly soothing effect on the audience; and all the more, because it must have been something of a character so unaccustomed as to be practically unintelligible to many. The Society has done little to justify its existence and title. The publication of Mr. Flood’s paper is an omen of better things, though it is now already about two years old; but the mass of reference notes in itself must have required months of verification, it is so vast. Mr. Flood has attempted no rhetorical flights; he has stated the question and summed up the result of the inquiry as barely as possible; but it cannot be denied that henceforth every edition of Shakspeare will require a new note to the second part of *Henry IV.*, Act v., and that Mr. Solly-Flood has finally disposed, to the last shred, of the evidence in favour of the story.

There are three or four different circumstances to be taken into consideration besides the main fact of the Prince’s committal. Is it true that on Henry’s accession he dismissed the Chief Justice? Is it true that Henry of Monmouth led a dissipated life before his father’s death? Is it true that the Prince was committed to the King’s Bench Prison? There are several minor points of interest, but these are the chief heads of the indictment as examined by Mr. Flood. The first modern historian to throw doubt on the story was Tyler; but complete proof, such as Mr. Solly-Flood offers us, could not be found in 1830. Perhaps for this reason, perhaps because two such popular writers as Lord Campbell and Miss Strickland adopted the Shakspearian story as true, it has obtained currency ever since. We have met it last in Andrée Hope’s *Chronicles of an Old Inn*, an account of some of the chief worthies of Gray’s Inn, pleasantly written, but compiled in such a way that several paragraphs really seem to be history turned upside down. For example, here is a single sentence from the notice of Stephen Gardiner:—“After Edward’s death”—the author has been speaking of Edward VI. and his weak health—“after Edward’s death Somerset visited Gardiner in prison.” Of course a writer, however pleasantly he may write, fritters away the confidence of his readers by such a double-barrelled anachronism as this; yet it is only a specimen. Nevertheless the book serves our present purpose admirably; we want to know what is the ordinary view of the great Gascoign question, and we make sure it will be found embalmed in a popular book, prettily printed in large type; a book which is certain to be liked, though it has about as much relation to real history as the book Mr. Solly-Flood selects as exemplary—namely, Miss Strickland’s great romance, the *Lives of the Queens of England*.

Andrée Hope tells us that Sir William Gascoign “was the eighth Sir William in lineal descent,” which in itself is extremely unlikely, as the title “Sir” is not found anywhere much earlier than the end of the fourteenth century. There is a dissertation on the name of “William” where one on “Gascoign” would have been much more to the purpose. The theory that “Gaskin, an old West Riding family, Normanized itself into Gascoigne,” shows us, however, that we may be well contented without such an addition to our knowledge. We need not follow the author through the oft-told and embellished tale, which finishes with this remark:—“It is greatly to the honour of Henry V. that the brave and good old Chief Justice retained his post until age and infirmities compelled him to relinquish it.” But a few years ago another story was told—namely, that immediately on his accession Henry dismissed the judge who had imprisoned him; which, of course, was not nearly so pretty an ending.

Let us now turn to Mr. Solly-Flood. One single paragraph of his long article—it occupies more than a hundred closely-printed pages—is sufficient to upset the whole fable, nay, one single sentence—there is no record of a case of contempt of court punished by summary committal till long after the death of Henry IV. Mr. Flood prints the whole list from the thirty-eighth year of Henry III. down to the 9th year of Henry V. Not only was no prince committed for such an offence, but no one else, gentle or simple. In a good many cases of contempt, as where a jurymen was assaulted, or a party to a suit abused, the process of law was by action. One case at once catches the eye. It is in the thirty-fourth year of Edward I., more than a century before the death of Henry IV. An information is laid by Roger de Hengham, the Chief Justice, against “Will. de Brews,” for abusing him in open court while sitting to try an action. The record of the trial exists, and is printed by Mr. Flood; and in giving judgment the court recalls the fact that, so sacred are the persons of the King’s Ministers, as they style themselves, that on a recent occasion King Edward had banished his son from his presence until he had apologized to one of the judges for an insult. Here, of course, we have the beginning of the story, which grew in its “embellishments” until Elyot, the tutor of Henry VIII., made it into a fable or apologue for the instruction of his pupil. The story was then two hundred years old, and the crime was fastened upon a prince who had come to the throne a hundred years before—namely,

Henry V. To make the story fit, the writers who repeated it were obliged to make Prince Henry’s early life as dissolute as that of Prince Edward, afterwards Edward II. This fiction, too, Mr. Flood wholly upsets, by tracing the true course of working, fighting, and negotiating in which he was constantly engaged from his boyhood. There is no interval in the life of Henry of Monmouth in which can be placed the episode of his intimacy with any one like Shakspeare’s Falstaff. He literally had not time for any such diversions. He was just twelve years of age when his father became Henry IV., and two years later was fighting Owen Glendower in Wales. Mr. Flood accounts for almost every day of his life from that time till his accession on his father’s death in March 1413, when he was still only twenty-five. During the thirteen years of his father’s reign he does not seem ever to have been in disgrace at Court, and he certainly never insulted the Chief Justice.

With regard to the two further fables, corollaries of that one which has been so completely exploded—namely, that Henry V. continued Gascoign as Chief Justice, and that he dismissed him, neither is true. It will be remembered that in those days “the demise of the Crown” caused vacancies in all the Courts. Gascoign himself had on a like occasion—namely, at the abdication of Richard II.—been appointed Chief Justice by the new King in the place of Sir William Clopton. The precedent was a common one, and on the accession of Henry V. Gascoign, who had been Chief Justice during the whole reign of Henry IV., retired, and was succeeded by Sir William Hankford. We need not suppose any disgrace attached to his retirement; on the contrary, there is evidence that he was in high favour with the new King, for the very next year he receives a present from Henry of four bucks and does out of the forest of Pontefract, and a promise of a similar present annually as long as he lived. Why should he have been in disgrace? He had never quarrelled with the King when he was prince, and had been a steady and faithful servant to the King’s father all the time of his reign. Though, as Mr. Flood says, he was hale enough to survive his master six years and three-quarters, he was probably a very old man, and the new King may well have thought it advisable, in view of the troubled state of the realm, to appoint a younger and more active Chief Justice. It thus falls out that Gascoign was neither dismissed nor reinstated by Henry V. Mr. Flood goes fully into the histories of Henry’s friends, and brings out many interesting particulars of the early life of the future heroes of Agincourt.

RELIGIONS OF THE GOLD COAST.*

MAJOR ELLIS’S account of the Tshi-speaking natives of the Gold Coast chiefly deals with their religion. To our knowledge of this obscure subject his book is a useful addition. He reasons clearly, he is a close observer, he is well acquainted with the difficulties of his topic, and of the misconceptions that perplex the discussion. He quotes but little from modern speculative writings, but is plainly a follower of Mr. Herbert Spencer’s, at least in some important points. To our mind he is least valuable where he is most Spencerian.

The negroes of the Gold Coast, as Major Ellis points out, live in a climate hostile to civilization and to clear and correct ideas, because the climate makes intellectual work as distasteful as bodily labour, while nature offers at a very cheap rate the necessities of life. The natives have few large towns; they live in scattered hamlets; and foreign ideas filter but slowly, and in distorted shapes, through the population. Yet one cannot, of course, regard their religion as in any way “primitive” or “near the beginning.” Their society has more than the rudiments of organization; they have a central authority, kings, an order of priests; property is accumulated in considerable quantities, woman is no longer the head of the family, and Christian doctrines have been partly woven into the web of Ashanti and Fanti belief. Where the people are so far from being primitive the religious conceptions, of course, are not near the beginning. Distinct alterations have been observed by Major Ellis; the influence of professional priests, of local circumstances, and of Europe are clearly traceable. What, then, is the religion, as far as Major Ellis (who is well on his guard against the confusions of De Brosses and of hasty observers) has been able to discover?

We may examine a religion by ascending from its wide popular basis in the practices, fears, and superstitions of individuals up to the Gods or God of whole tribes or of a nation. Or we may begin with the highest and most abstract Gods, those of the whole nation, or of the cultivated class in a nation, and descend to the clan Totems, and the talismans and other inanimate sacred objects cherished by individuals. It is manifest that the clan and the village and the individual are older in evolution than the nation, and, therefore, the village Gods and the personal talismans and adorable objects ought to be older than the more abstract Gods of a conscious nationality. But Major Ellis prefers to begin with (1) General Deities (few in number), and so works down to (2) Local Deities (as numerous as localities), then to (3) The spiritual protectors of families, or of “town companies,” then to (4) The Tutelary Deities of individuals, which answer pretty nearly to what are roughly called fetiches. This term, however, is justly rejected, as we shall see, by Major Ellis.

* *The Tshi-speaking Peoples of the Gold Coast.* By A. B. Ellis, Major 1st West Indian Regiment. London: Chapman & Hall. 1887.

Major Ellis thinks that deities of the first class are mostly too remote and indifferent to care much for mortal affairs: *Dei otiosi*, like those of the Epicurean. They are not, he believes, original and early conceptions of the negro, but have been moved into a kind of Upper House, out of the second class, the Local Deities. These, again, are the result of the human tendency to "consider all natural phenomena whose power they experience as beings who act, and who possess the power of volition." Such natural phenomena are very numerous. On the Gold Coast it appears that the more abstract phenomena—sun, sky, moon, wind—are little, if at all, regarded. But the surf that drowns men, or the rock that makes the surf break, or any prominent local object, or the scene of any memorable disaster, becomes a God, with a kind of multiplex personality. Thus Cudjo is the God of a shoal or reef. He is short and black. Now it is not easy to distinguish whether the reef is the worshipful object, or little black Cudjo who informs and inhabits the reef, or the reef as inhabited by Cudjo. These questions may puzzle even Ashanti metaphysicians. Again, Tahbi lives in or under a rock; he is big and black, and has a shark's fin for left hand. It would be desirable to know whether the rock (considered as animate, like everything else) was first worshipped, and whether Tahbi is the animation of the rock, considered apart from that object, and described in accordance with the fancy of the priest. It seems that the priests are in the habit of dragging the names of Gods, as if by accident, into their conversation, much as we do with the names of lords. "As Tahbi was saying when I saw him last"; or, "As I remember hearing Abroh-ku remark one day on the beach." "Oh, what is Abroh-ku like? Do tell us," asks the believing Ashanti; and then the priest says, "Why, he is of the colour of wood ashes, very small, and round, with a short, broad face."

If this theory be correct, man begins by dreading an inanimate object or phenomenon to which he ascribes animation. He then separates mentally the animating force from its body or vehicle, the rock, or hill, or whatever it may be. Lastly, he ascribes a shape, human or bestial, to this animating force, which, if lucky, may get promoted into Class I., and, being now detached from local phenomena, may become a General or National God. But, as Mr. Codrington found in Melanesia, it is very difficult to keep distinct these various movements in the evolution of a God. Ghosts, too, have a provoking way of interloping among spirits thus developed, and *Suhmans*, or fetishes, manufactured or adopted for various reasons and in various fashions, strike in, both spiritually and materially. There is a kind of supreme Deity named Nana Nyankupon, "Lord of the Sky." His title at once brings to mind Dyaus and Zeus, but Major Ellis thinks him a mere refraction from the God of early European visitors. If Nana Nyankupon be set aside, the most godlike figure among the General Deities of the first class is Bobowissi. He is very widely worshipped, and is addressed in prayer before men set out on a journey:—"Grandfather Bobowissi, let us go and return in safety." Further north Tando is much in the same rank as Bobowissi. The name of Bobowissi means "blower of clouds"—*νεφέληγέρτα*—and this answers to an epithet of Zeus. We do not feel convinced that Bobowissi and Tando are gods promoted from the second class. Among races much less civilized than the people of the Gold Coast, among Australians and Bushmen, there are Gods answering to Bobowissi. The truth is that we cannot get behind those conceptions and see how they grew because we know no race which does not possess them already. Major Ellis writes very learnedly on the ritual of the upper Gods and on the magic of amateurs who are not priests. Ritual (in those strata of religion) is consecrated magic, magic is unconsecrated ritual. But Major Ellis does not tell us much of the mythology in which the Gods probably figure, nor much of the religion which utters itself, for example, in the prayer to Bobowissi. Till we know more about those matters we can hardly criticize his opinion that the Gods are mainly malevolent, and that fear made the first Gods. The Gods of the third and fourth classes are worshipped by "town companies," families, and individuals. Of their generic names "Suhsum" is rendered "spirit" or "shadow"; "Srahman," "ghost" or "lightning." "Abonsüm" means "magic" and "Bosüm" (Bosman's "Bossüm") means "a lake," "moon," and, as an adjective, "occult," "sacred." Confusion is caused, in the case of the Gods of the third and fourth sorts, by the habit of adoring some object—a wooden figure, a stone, a pot full of earth and blood—which is not the God, as many have held, but the vehicle or habitation of the God. In the same way the trees beside the house of a God are not worshipped for themselves, and if the God's house is shifted the tree ceases to be adored. The worshipped object is usually what people call a "fetish"; but Major Ellis thinks this expression, especially as used by De Brosses, misleading, which no doubt it is. The merit of De Brosses was not to have invented a satisfactory theory or classification of fetishes, but to have explained many things in Greek and Egyptian religion as survivals. Major Ellis argues against theorists who hold that any object picked up at random may be made a God. Different motives, of various sorts, are found to guide the selection of what are roughly called fetishes. If the priest selects them at will, he deceives the people into thinking he has a reason for his choice. Where the worshipper selects them himself, he, too, has a motive. Perhaps he has been guided to them in a dream; perhaps in a fast he has had some hallucinations about them. Very often he holds that they are the dwellings of spiritual beings; often,

as among the Zuni and Solomon Islanders, he is led by a resemblance between the object and something else that he desires, and he expects "like to produce like," magically; he hopes the stone like a yam will make his garden grow yams, or that the stone like a pig will bring wild boars in his way. Man is always rational. But one can hardly go with Major Ellis, and with Mr. Max Müller, in thinking fetishism a secondary corruption of faith. In the higher faiths it looks more like a survival, or a remembrance—a folly inspired by the undying child within us. This will be true, whether we regard fetishism as originally a worship, say, of the spirit in the stone, or of the stone as a thing animated, like all the rest of the world. Savage metaphysics are not easy to disentangle. Men whose suppressed major premiss is that all things are animated and personal, and who keep with some sacredness a stone or shell, can hardly be expected to know themselves exactly what meaning they attach to their practice. Doubtless it varies in varied cases; the notion of an indwelling Deity may even be a late explanation which the worshipper gives himself to justify his conduct. Meanwhile, on the Gold Coast, Major Ellis finds that it is not the stone, or rude idol, that is worshipped, but the separable God, who informs the stone, and who may leave it, and enter into the priest. The real interest of all this is the proof that there is plenty of speculation in man, even among races most averse to mental exertion.

Major Ellis has a short chapter on "Family Divisions and Animal Worship." As was well known, from the evidence of Bowditch, the Gold Coast tribes are Totemistic. Major Ellis explains this, on Mr. Herbert Spencer's principle, by a theory of nicknames. A chief was called Parrot, or Cornstalk. His descendants remembered the name, forgot that it was merely a name, and, in place of revering the ghost of a man named Parrot or Cornstalk, revered all Parrots, or all Cornstalks, and counted cousins with them. As Totemism is most active where the family name descends from women, not from men, and among races that forget the names of their great-great-grandfathers, this theory will manifestly not hold water. However, we have no other to offer as a substitute. The origin of Totemism is lost in the darkness of unknown antiquity.

Major Ellis's book contains much that we have no space to discuss. His accounts of the marriage and other laws of the Ashantis and of their language is full of information. His remark on the absence of love (p. 285) hardly tallies with the story of Adna Amissa, "love's martyr" (p. 302). He has two examples of the myth about the man who marries a woman that is also a lower animal. In Ashanti she is a fish; a gull in Eskimo; a beaver in Ojibbeway; a seal in Shetland. His book is a remarkable example of steady observation and dispassionate reasoning. We may not always agree with Major Ellis's general conclusions, but we must respect the energy which could produce so sound a work in such an enervating climate.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

M. MAX O'RELL'S account of his Scotch lecturing tour may amuse those who were amused by his former books in the way in which their author intended them to be amusing, and will certainly amuse those whom those books amused in a way that he did not intend (1). There are in the present volume hardly any of the grosser faults of taste which distinguished the earlier books, partly because M. O'Rell, true to French tradition, wishes to be complimentary towards the Scotch, and partly, no doubt, because he has learnt by experience. The amusing mixture of ignorance and hasty generalization which distinguishes almost all books of this kind in French is as abundant as ever. M. O'Rell is evidently convinced that "MacDonald" is a typical Scotch, not merely Highland, name; that it and "Donald" are practically interchangeable; that the pretty trappings of a Highland regiment or a Highland gentleman at a ball are really the "national dress" of persons such as, let us say, Bruce, James I., Archibald Bell-the-Cat, Montrose, Dundee, Adam Smith, and Walter Scott; that every Scotch dinner party ends up with a discussion on the Bible (indeed this he categorically asserts), and so forth, and so forth. Incidentally he makes or repeats some equally learned and accurate remarks about England, such as that nobody at Oxford or Cambridge works except the inhabitants of Balliol, who are all frugal Scotchmen (such, for instance, as My Lords Lansdowne, Jersey, and Donoughmore), and who chiefly support themselves (in the absence, we suppose, of the usual supplies of herrings and oatmeal from home) by giving lessons to the idle youth of other colleges. As it is a long way from Balliol to Cambridge, and the trains are horribly slow, we wonder what the idle youth of "the other shop" do for lessons. In short, M. Max O'Rell is, "in the fullest sense of the term," a Frenchman, possessing in an excellent degree that odd mixture of shrewdness and simplicity, of acuteness and density, of bad taste and good humour, which distinguishes his remarkable nation. He finds Wellington, at least the frequent statue of Wellington, *assomant*, and says so. Would any but a Frenchman have overlooked the unlucky double sense of the verb?

M. de la Barre Duparcq's history of the reign of Henri II. (2) is very good, and interesting from the military side, which, as need

(1) *L'ami MacDonald*. Par Max O'Rell. Paris: Calmann Lévy.
(2) *Histoire de Henri II.* Par Ed. de la Barre Duparcq. Paris: Perrin.

hardly be said, was of the greatest importance to France, and the book is quaintly written, with some curious miscellaneous facts now and then. But the author does not show—does not, indeed, attempt to show—much historical grasp, and in particular does not deal much with the rather enigmatical character of the King; a character which has never, that we know, been adequately discussed (for Michelet's Rembrandtesque sketch is one of his most brilliant pieces of unhistorical imagination) and which is worth discussing.

An anonymous pamphlet on the relations of Church and State in Italy concerns politics rather than literature; but it is well written, and urges the restoration of the Pope to something different from his present Mahomet's-coffin position with some power (3). The fault seems to be that the author either does not fully comprehend, or, at any rate, keeps *in petto* his solution of, the chief difficulty of arranging what he desires. A bishop and a civil governor, for instance, can work together, because both are the king's deputies; but how are a sovereign bishop of Rome and a sovereign king of Italy in Rome to work together?

So much has been written lately about the "Victor Hugo of Art" that M. Véron has naturally attempted, in his sketch for the *Artistes célèbres* (4), little but a compilation, with some original touches. It is an interesting compilation, however, and well illustrated with woodcuts and lithographs, which even in their simple manner show the master well. In turning over them some persons will, no doubt, be confirmed in the belief that, much as he advanced in technique and learning, Delacroix never surpassed as an exhibition of his own peculiar "virtue" his first great challenge of the "Dante and Virgil."

Much attention appears to be paid now to animal magnetism in France, ranging from the numerous purely scientific treatises by followers and pupils of Dr. Charcot and such books as this (5). It is the work of an actual operator, who seems to go about exhibiting his skill, and obtaining testimonials from bishops to the effect that there really are no evil spirits at work. The book is partly historical, partly practical, and will doubtless be interesting to those general readers who care for the subject.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

A NEW translation of Count Tolstói's novel of *The Cossacks* has just been issued by Vizetelly & Co. The book itself bears a greater resemblance to the studies of life and manners which were the special delight of Tourguénief than to the developments of character which form the subject of Tolstói's other novels. Subject and treatment are, however, original and picturesque in the highest degree, and, on the whole, the translation runs smoothly enough. Bound up in the same volume is a short story of the escape of a young Russian officer from a Tartar village in the Caucasus; and likewise some reminiscences of the siege of Sebastopol, which enable the reader to realize the accidents and atmosphere of war more graphically than any military history could do. In these recollections Count Tolstói seems to have parted with the discursiveness and want of concentration so often characteristic of his work, and to have seen nothing but what was essential to the picture.

In *The Count of the Saxon Shore* (Seeley & Co.) Mr. Church deals with a period of history but little known to his ordinary youthful readers. They may have picked up a few vague ideas about the departure of the Romans and the incoming of the Saxons; but it is not until they are promoted to the study of Gibbon that children begin really to understand the connexion of Britain with the Empire of the West. Mr. Church brings all his great knowledge and historical accuracy to bear in this novel of a remote epoch, and he adds many notes for the benefit of the unlearned. As he says, the data are but scanty; still, the most has been made of those that exist, and the modes of life of the population of Britain are carefully gleaned from every source. The story deals with the South of England, from Stonehenge to the Isle of Wight, and is copiously illustrated. In the interests of those—and it is to be feared that they are many—to whom the events of that period are a dead letter, it would have been wiser had Mr. Church omitted the two first chapters, as the number of Cæsars, legitimate and illegitimate, are liable to confuse the ignorant. Once, however, these are passed, no person of imagination can fail to be interested in the curious contrast of the Britain of the fifth century with the England of to-day.

There is something even more breathless than usual about M. Jules Verne's latest book, *The Clipper of the Clouds* (Sampson Low), which is nothing less than a balloon built in the form of a ship, and which, being heavier than the air, can be guided at will and propelled with a speed equalling that of a carrier pigeon. It must be allowed that to all persons not of a scientific mind the opening chapters will be rather dull. They ought to be read by the light of the story as begun on page 27, with the appearance of a fluent and self-confident gentleman named Robert at a meeting of an aeronautical society in Philadelphia. With the capture of the two leading (and opposed) members, and their enforced journey through the regions of the air, the fun begins. The most stupid boy cannot avoid learning a great deal of geography from their travels, even if his smattering of scientific knowledge is less

clear than before. The worst of it is, that if you have perfect command of a machine that can ascend as much as 23,000 feet without causing its passengers any inconvenience but a chilly feeling, it is not possible to have many adventures. M. Jules Verne does his best in the shape of casual approaches to earth and consequent entanglements with water-spouts, whales, and volcanoes, but up in the air he has it all to himself. Only one thing will make the conscientious reader unhappy. Why is Kunchingunga deprived of its honours as the second highest mountain in the world, and Dwalagiri put in its place?

If Miss Margaret Deland (author of *The Old Garden*, and other Verses. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co.) cannot be said to be an original poet, she at least has the knack of writing pretty rhymes, which are bound in a pretty cover. She has plainly studied the singers of the seventeenth century as well as those of the nineteenth—Herrick and the madrigal-makers as well as Miss Ingelow. The verses are quite unpretentious and unaffected and of every kind. Perhaps the two prettiest, in their different styles, are the "Fairies Shopping" and an "Arrière Pensée"; while the very unsatisfactory explanation of his behaviour by a roving lover is full of ingenuity, and calculated to drive the lady to distraction. It would be a welcome relief were some of these poems set to music instead of the inanities which are so popular in modern drawing-rooms.

Every Girl's Annual for 1888 (edited by Alicia A. Leith. Hatchards) contains as usual a mine of varied reading. The illustrations, too, are better than usual, and there are some charming heads by Miss Edith Scannell, who must beware, however, of a tendency to repeat the same type. The long story "Hurstleigh Dene" is by Mrs. O'Reilly, and there is a series of papers full of information about our great poets by Mrs. Hamilton King and Mr. Alfred Haggard. We cannot refrain from differing with the latter in his estimate of the "graphic power" of Keats as shown by his sonnet on Ailsa Craig. The poem is neither good as a sonnet nor does it give the faintest idea of the almost unreal beauty of that strange rock.

Our New Zealand Cousins, by the Hon. James Inglis (Sampson Low & Co.), is an interesting account of the New Zealand group of islands by a man who has visited them thoroughly at various times during the last twenty years, and is therefore in some respects more qualified to judge of their progress than the residents. The style is sometimes rather jerky and familiar; but, as Mr. Inglis is aware of his shortcomings in this respect, and apologizes for them, it would be unkind to insist on them, or to let them interfere with our appreciation of much that is good in the book.

We have also received *The Sunday Friend* (Mowbray & Co.), with a story by Miss Yonge, and many pictures; *Illustrations*, edited by F. G. Heath (Kent & Co.), with pictures in every style to suit every taste; *Sunday* (Wells Gardner & Co.), with a peacock's feather on the cover, and endless stories within, not differing greatly, as far as we can see, from what children read on week days; *Poems of Many Years and Many Places* (Longmans), inspired by scenes in India and the Holy Land; *Wanderings on Wheel and on Foot through Europe*, by Hugh Callan (Sampson Low); *Our Sea-Fish and Sea-Food*, by the Rev. E. W. L. Davies (Field & Tuer); *The State*, by James H. Pope (New Zealand), a praiseworthy effort to make clear to Maoris the European ideas respecting trade, wealth, government, and other facts difficult to be grasped by native minds; *Health Maps*, by Anna Arnim (Swan Sonnenschein), directions for strengthening the body, accompanied by diagrams; *The Disowned*, by Lord Lytton (Routledge); *Alcestis*, translated by Robert Potter (Routledge); *Bewitching Isa* (Vizetelly); *The Duties and Conduct of Private Nursing*, by Dr. Richardson (Field & Tuer); *The Privy Council*, an interesting history of the growth and formation of that body, by Professor Dicey (Macmillan); *Thackeray*, by Anthony Trollope (Macmillan); *Short Biographies for the People* (Religious Tract Society); Scott's *Marmion*, with notes by Malcolm Macmillan (Macmillan); *New Canterbury Tales*, by J. P. Elmslie (Griffith, Farran); *The Lost Wedding Ring* (Putnam); *Hyperion* (Routledge); *Life of Fröbel*, by Emily Shireff (Chapman & Hall).

We are glad to hear from MESSRS. WARNE & Co. that, so far as they are concerned, there is no foundation for Mr. BRANDER MATTHEWS's statements referred to in the SATURDAY REVIEW of last week as to "Ben Hur" being unpaid for, and that in the assertions in regard to "Aunt Fanny" Mr. BRANDER MATTHEWS has been equally misinformed. In the same number, p. 473, "plesiosaurus [sic]" is a mistake; the pamphlet prints plesiosaurus.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications: and to this rule we can make no exception.

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

THE ADVERTISEMENT DEPARTMENT has been REMOVED from 38 to 33 Southampton Street. All communications respecting ADVERTISEMENTS should therefore be addressed to Mr. JOHN HART, 33 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

- (3) *La lettre du Pape et l'Italie officielle.* Paris: Perrin.
 (4) *Les artistes célèbres—Eugène Delacroix.* Par Eugène Véron. Paris: Rouam. London: Wood.
 (5) *La nouvel hypnotisme.* Par L. P. Moutin. Paris: Perrin.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

Price 6d.

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TO BUILDERS AND OTHERS.
THE STREETS COMMITTEE OF THE COMMISSIONERS OF SEWERS of the City of London will meet in the Guildhall of the said City, on Friday, October 21, 1887, at Two o'clock precisely, to receive TENDERS for the Construction of UNDERGROUND URINALS and WATER-CLOSETS, &c., at the Ludgate Circus end of New Bridge Street, in accordance with Plans and Specification, to be seen at the Office of the Engineer to the Commissioners in the Guildhall.
 Tenders are to be on the Forms supplied at the said Office, to be sealed, endorsed "Tender for Urinals, &c.," to be addressed to the undersigned, and delivered before Two o'clock on the said day.
 Parties making proposals must attend personally, or by a duly authorised agent, at Two o'clock on the said day.
 Security will be required for the due performance of the Contract.
 The Commissioners do not pledge themselves to accept the lowest or any Tender.
 Sewers' Office, Guildhall:
 October 4, 1887. **HENRY BLAKE**, Principal Clerk.

TO IRONFOUNDERS AND OTHERS.
THE COMMISSIONERS OF SEWERS of the City of London will meet in the Guildhall of the said City, on Tuesday, October 25, 1887, at Half-past Twelve o'clock precisely, to receive TENDERS for the supply of CAST-IRON WORK for a period of Three Years, from Christmas Day next.
 A Specification of Articles commonly used by the Commissioners may be seen and copied at this Office.
 Security will be required for the due performance of the Contract.
 Tenders must be endorsed on the outside, "Tender for Ironfounders' Work," and be delivered at this Office before Twelve o'clock on the said day of treaty, and parties tendering must attend personally, or by a duly authorised agent, at Half-past Twelve o'clock precisely on that day.
 The Commissioners do not pledge themselves to accept the lowest or any Tender.
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 October 4, 1887. **HENRY BLAKE**, Principal Clerk.

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THE COMMISSIONERS OF SEWERS of the City of London will meet in the Guildhall of the said City, on Tuesday, October 25, 1887, at Half-past Twelve o'clock precisely, to receive TENDERS for taking on BUILDING LEASES for a term of Eighty years, several PLOTS of very valuable FREEHOLD GROUND in Monument Yard, and between Pudding Lane and Botolph Lane, and abutting upon the new street extension to Billingsgate Market.
 Further particulars with conditions and printed Forms of Proposal may be had on application at the Office of the Engineer to the Commission in the Guildhall.
 The Commissioners do not bind themselves to accept the highest or any Proposal.
 Persons making proposals must attend personally, or by a duly authorised agent, on the above-mentioned day, at Half-past Twelve o'clock precisely, and the parties whose offers are accepted will be required to execute an agreement and bond at the same time.
 Proposals must be endorsed on the outside "Tender for Ground," and be delivered in, addressed to the undersigned, before Twelve o'clock on the said day of treaty.
 Sewers' Office, Guildhall:
 August, 1887. **HENRY BLAKE**, Principal Clerk.

MORELLA CHERRY BRANDY.

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TONIC

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Silver Medal,
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3½ " ditto ditto to balance .. "	31 0 0	16 0 0	7 0 0
4 " ditto ditto ditto .. "	31 0 0	17 0 0	8 0 0
4 " ditto ditto ditto .. "	28 0 0	23 0 0	8 0 0
4 " ditto ditto ditto .. "	32 0 0	23 0 0	8 0 0
4 " ditto fine ditto ditto .. "	36 0 0	26 0 0	10 0 0
4 " ditto ditto, African .. "	42 0 0	34 0 0	15 0 0
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